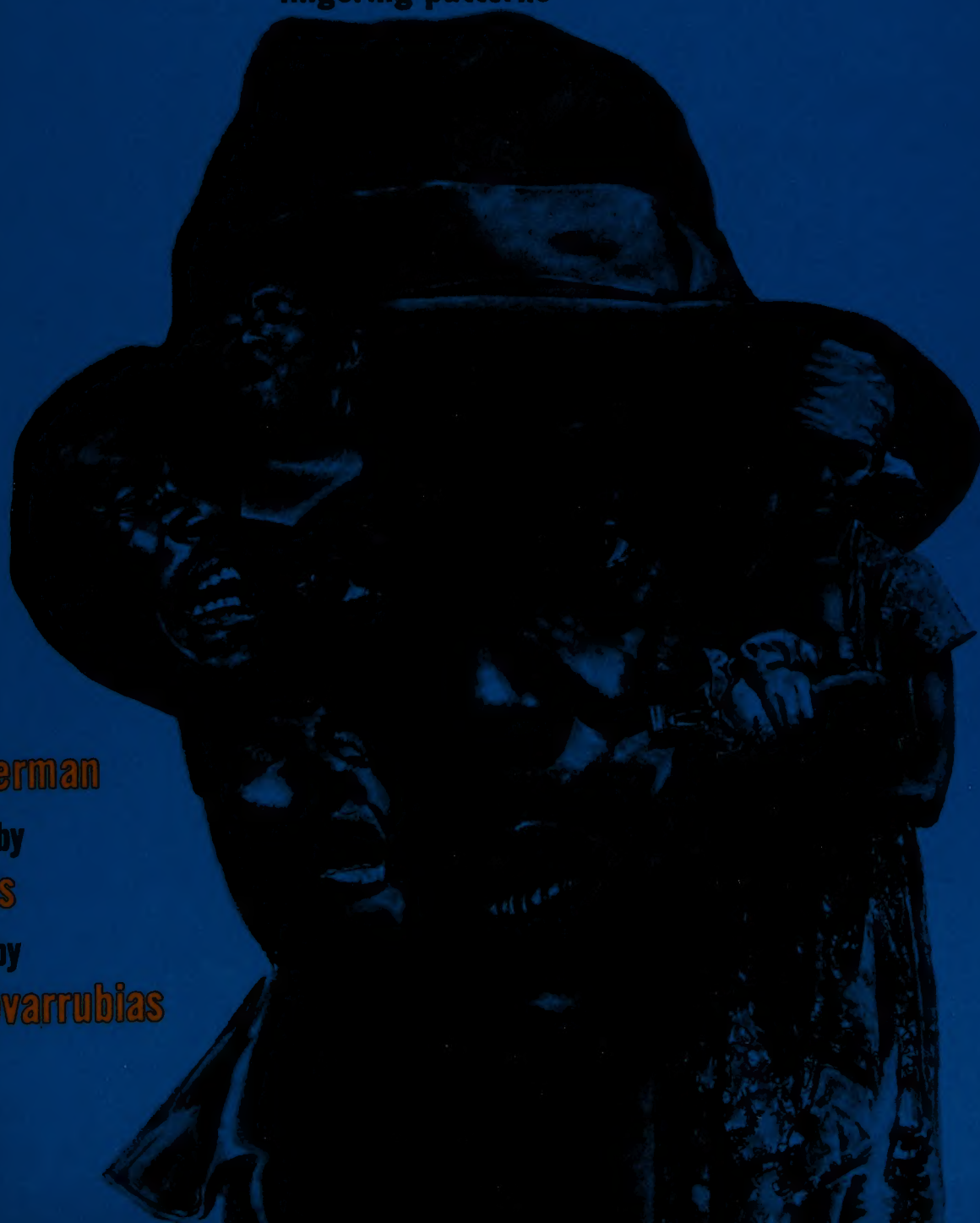


BLUES

an Anthology

edited by W.C. Handy

Fifty-three of the
very best blues compiled by the
"Father of the Blues"—arranged for voice,
piano, and guitar, with a chart of guitar-chord
fingering patterns



Revised by
Jerry Silverman

Introduction by
Abbe Niles

Illustrations by
Miguel Covarrubias

BLUES: AN ANTHOLOGY



BLUES

AN ANTHOLOGY

Complete Words and Music of 53 Great Songs

Edited by **W. C. HANDY**

With an Historical

and Critical Text by **ABBE NILES**

With Pictures by **MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS**

Revised by **JERRY SILVERMAN**

Collier Books, New York, New York
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A WORD ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENTS

THE PIANO arrangements herein are the original ones found in the 1926 edition of *BLUES: AN ANTHOLOGY* and in the 1949 edition of *A TREASURY OF THE BLUES* (as the *ANTHOLOGY* came to be called).

In addition, five songs by W. C. Handy are presented here which did not appear in the earlier collections, namely:

WAY DOWN SOUTH WHERE THE BLUES BEGAN
SHOEBOOT'S SERENADE
GOLDEN BROWN BLUES
WALL STREET BLUES
AUNT HAGAR'S CHILDREN BLUES

Since the 1926 edition, and more particularly since the 1949 edition, a new generation of "Blues Lovers" has grown up who sing the blues to the accompaniment of the guitar rather than the piano. Originally, the blues were sung to the accompaniment of the guitar or banjo (see pages 19-20). Later, when the blues were published, they appeared in arrangements of voice with piano. The piano arrangements came down to us, however, without to-day's customary "guitar chord symbols" included. Moreover, the keys of the piano settings are generally not the most suitable for the kind of accompaniment that a blues guitarist would wish to supply.

Accordingly (where necessary), I have added two parallel rows of chord symbols for the guitarist's consideration. The upper row is in the actual key of the piano arrangement. The lower presupposes the use of a CAPO (as directed) and transposes the fingering to easier chords, while maintaining the actual key of the original arrangement.

The CHORD CHART, found on pages 220 and 221, contains diagrams of all the chords in this book.

JERRY SILVERMAN
1972

THE STORY OF THE BLUES

by Abbe Niles

FOREWORD TO 1949 EDITION

THE SONGS in this volume, as in its original edition, which appeared in 1926 as *Blues: An Anthology*, have been selected by W. C. Handy, and many of his own compositions are included among them. This is only fitting, for it was Handy who first appreciated the universal appeal of the Negro blues, and who introduced into American "popular music" the qualities of these folk-songs. A Negro musician, band-master, and composer—and later a music publisher—of rare creative and analytical powers, Handy wrote the first and several of the most famous of the published blues, thereby starting a revolution, a fundamental change in the character of the popular music of this land, comparable only to that brought about by the introduction of ragtime.

The blues, after that introduction, became embedded in our music so rapidly that, for a number of years, their folk source and their history tended to be overlooked.

My curiosity on this subject led me, a stranger, to Mr. Handy's door twenty-four years ago. Handy's talk exhibits such qualities of humor, of comprehension, and of nobility, that to hear it is to long to repeat it. When our first series of interviews was over I knew that we had a book on our hands. Fortunately, circumstances have enabled me to remain in close touch with Handy in the years that have followed. He is still the fountainhead of information on the blues. For that matter, although I am not of his race and do not mean to be dogmatic on such a subject, I know of no one else who combines his detached appreciation and his native understanding of Negro ways, lore and sayings.

I. THE FOLK-BLUES AS VERSE

The blues sprang up, probably in the early 1900s, among illiterate and despised Southern

Negroes: barroom pianists, street-corner guitar players, wandering laborers, the watchers of incoming trains and steamboats, prostitutes and outcasts. While a spiritual lent itself to choral treatment, a blues was a one-man affair. Typically it originated as an expression of the singer's feeling, complete in a single verse. It was sung, because singing, to these people, was as natural a means of expression as speaking. Starting, perhaps, as a mere one-line interjection, a singer's idea might never be developed any further, or it might turn into one of many forms of folk-song. Perhaps because of its simplicity and suitability for improvisation, one particular form became especially popular: the line would be sung, repeated, and repeated once again, as in this crude specimen:

Gwine take morphine an' die,
Gwine take morphine an' die,
Gwine take morphine an' die.

The tune might be new, but it did not need to be. The old three-line, twelve-bar song, *Joe Turner* (more fully discussed on p. 210), was known and sung all over the South, sometimes under various other names and with differing words. A singer might fit his impromptu lines to such a tune; the melody itself might help in framing the words, or there might already be associated with the tune other verses—plaintive, smart, or obscene—which the singer might tack on after the lines he had invented. If his verse had merit, his listeners might adopt it, and it would be added to the common storehouse of blues lyrics. Or, if his tune had a melodic or rhythmic twist of its own, it might be accepted eventually as a standard vehicle for old and new blues expressions. However, few individual blues tunes in their entirety seem to have had wide acceptance in the early days.

The thought was not necessarily expressed in a single line, twice repeated. A slight modification in the second line, by way of emphasis, came to be customary; this was a matter of individual choice, and is shown in some

of the examples below. The third line might introduce something new; if the first two lines expressed grief or wistful reflection, line three could supply a reason for the grief, or a collateral conclusion. The third line thus became the most important, releasing the tension built up by the earlier repetition:

Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
'Cause my baby, she won't take me back.

Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
If de train come 'long, I'm gwine to snatch it
back.

Don't want no man puttin' sugar in my tea,
Don't want no man puttin' sugar in my tea,
'Cause I'm evil, 'fraid he might poison me.

If I had wings, like Nora's [Noah's] faithful
dove,—
Had *strong* wings, like Nora's faithful dove,
I would fly away, to de man I love.

The blues are often, but not always, rueful. They may offer some shrewd general comment, in epigrammatic form:

Ketch two women runnin' togedder long,
Ketch two women runnin' togedder long,
You can bet yo' life dere's somethin' gwine
wrong.

If yo' house ketch fire, an' dey ain't no water
roun',
If yo' house ketch fire, an' dey ain't no water
roun',
Throw yo' trunk out de window, an' let de shack
buhn down.

Or the spirit may be ridicule. In this stanza "monkey-man" means a West Indian:

Dey's two kind of people in dis worl', dat I can't
stan',
Dey's two kind of people in dis worl', dat I can't
stan',
An' dat's a two-faced woman, an' a monkey-
man.

Modern published blues often run to the theme of love. Many early folk-blues were love songs, too. Generally, of course, they were concerned with separated or unhappy lovers:

When you see me comin', h'ist yo' window high,
When you see me comin', h'ist yo' window high,
When you see me goin', hang yo' head an' cry.

Oh, de Mississippi River is so deep an' wide,
Oh, de Mississippi River is so deep an' wide,
An' my gal lives on de odder side.

Oh, de *Kate's* up de river, *Stack* is in de ben',
Oh, de *Kate's* up de river, *Stack* is in de ben',
And I ain't seen my baby since I don' know
when.

"Hang yo' head an' cry" is a favorite phrase, found in many folk-songs. The Mississippi River steamboats *Kate Adams* and *Stack-olee*, of the Lee Line, are referred to in the third stanza, thus dating its first line back more than fifty years.

Other blues tell of the longing to be elsewhere, as in this crude example sung all along the Ohio River to the tune of *Joe Turner*:

Gwine down de river befo' long,
Gwine down de river befo' long,
Gwine down de river befo' long,

and in a verse sung in Texas:

Michigan water tastes like sherry wine,
Michigan water tastes like sherry wine,
I'm gwine back to Michigan, to de one I lef'
behin'.

The wide scope of the blues verse is indicated in the following assortment of traditional stanzas, which manage to express virtually every emotion except solid satisfaction with life. (Among the racial meanings in these lyrics, "boll-weevil" is a symbol for all petty gougers and "cutters"; in Mississippi it was the term for railroad conductors. "Black cat's bone" is an equivalent of a rabbit's foot, and a valuable love charm. A "tidy" is a woman's "steady," who dresses up when he calls. "Jack" is of course a jackass. "Rider"—short for "easy rider"—is a procurer who lives in; he is ex-

pected to be faithful to his client, as Frankie expected of Johnny.)

Boll-weevil, where you been so long?

Boll-weevil, where you been so long?

You stole my cotton, now you wants my co'n.

Boll-weevil, don't you sing de blues no mo',

Boll-weevil, don't you sing de blues no mo',

Boll-weevil's everywhere you go.

B'lieve to my soul, dat man's got a black cat's bone.

(I said black cat; I mean bone.)

B'lieve to my soul, dat man's got a black cat's bone.

(I said black cat; I mean bone.)

Every time I leave him, I got to hurry back home.

Let me be yo' rag-doll till yo' tidy come,

If he can beat me raggin', he's got to rag it some,—my honey,

How long has I got to wait,

Oh, can I git you now, or must I hesitate?

Ashes to ashes, an' a-dus' to dus',

Ef de whiskey don't git you, den de cocaine mus',—my honey, etc.

Did you ever see yo' honey, when her good man's not aroun'?

Did you ever see yo' honey, when her good man's not aroun'?

She gets up in de mo'nin', tuhns de fedder-bed upside-down.¹

If you want to keep yo' baby, better git yo'self a lock an' key,

If you want to keep yo' baby, better git yo'self a lock an' key,

'Cause too many men a-been stealin' my baby from me.¹

My moder's dead, my fader's 'crost de sea,

My moder's dead, my fader's 'crost de sea,

Ain't got nobody to feel an' care for me.

Gwine to de river, take a rockin' chair,

Gwine to de river, take a rockin' chair,

If de blues o'ertake me, gwine rock 'way from dere.

Gwine to de river, take a rope an' a rock,

Gwine to de river, take a rope an' a rock,

Gwine to tie rope roun' my neck, an' jump right over de dock.²

Got full o' my moonshine, walked de streets all night,

Got full o' my moonshine, walked de streets all night,

Squabblin' wid my eight-rock 'cause she wasn't white.

If I could holler like a mountin' jack,

If I could holler like a mountin' jack,

I'd go up on de hillside, an' call my rider back.

In these, as in almost all blues, the essential element is the singer's own personality. Whatever is said is in some way brought back to *him*; he deals in his own troubles, desires, resentments, his opinions of life and people. There seems even to be room left for his pleasures. Happy blues are rare, but some have an invincible optimism:

What you gwine to do when dey buhn de bar'l-house down?

What you gwine to do when dey buhn de bar'l-house down?

Gwine move out de piano, an' bar'l-house on de groun'.

Melancholy, however, is most frequently the theme; there is no doubt that the name "blues" was bestowed on the tunes because of the mood of the verses. The essence of the blues is in such traditional lines as "Got de blues, but too damn mean to cry."

The typical words are made striking by a philosophy between the lines, which chooses laughter, instead of tears, as the reaction to trouble. It is an attractively unexpected mood: exuberant and fantastic, spontaneous and native, unforced. Just to show how plain unlucky a woman is, she says:

Went to de gypsy, to have my fortune tol',

Went to de gypsy, to have my fortune tol',—

Gypsy tol' me, doggone you, girlie, doggone yo' bad-luck soul.

¹ Supplied by Langston Hughes.

² Supplied by Walter F. White.



And for another example of the spirit:

De brook run into de river, river run into de sea,
De brook run into de river, river run into de sea,—
An' if I don't run into my daddy, paw's gwine have to bury me.

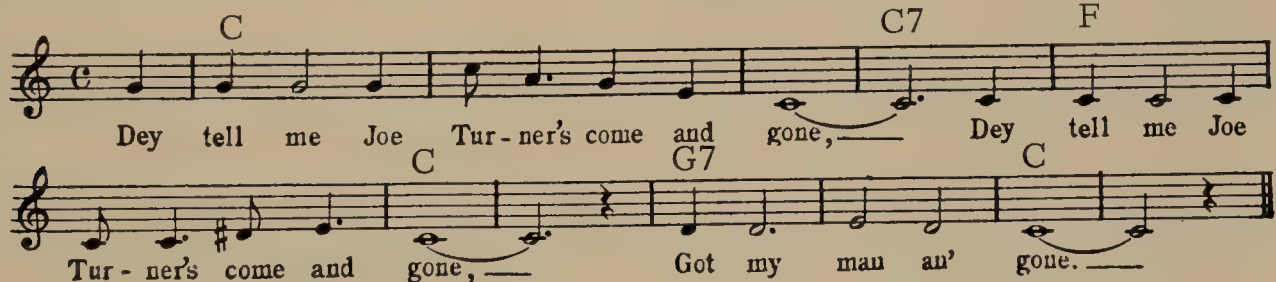
Still another was overheard by Handy, the impromptu remark of a Memphis mule-driver:

G'wan, mule!
Don't you want to wuhk?
Hadn't ought t'been a mule.
Ought t'been a woman.
Then I'd be workin' fo' you.
G'wan, mule!

On the woman's side, Handy recalls this:

The man I'll marry ain't born yet—an' his mammy's dead.

The white commercial song writers were quicker to notice and imitate the spirit of the blues than their musical form. But this basic distinction should be observed: in the Negro blues it is the gaiety that is feigned, while in the white, it is the grief.



Many verses in the folklore are in the blues spirit, yet are excluded from the blues form. The division seems arbitrary, and it is of course true that the sense of any of the examples used here could be expressed in a couplet. But it is the singers' own distinction. In this usage, it was only the verses that could be fitted to the three-cornered tunes like *Joe Turner* that came to be called "blues," and, conversely, they would say of a new melody to which they could not sing one of their three-line verses: "That ain't no blues!" Extend a name to cover everything, and it soon means nothing.

II. THE FOLK-BLUES AS MUSIC

The structural peculiarities of the blues tune are probably more the cause than the result of the unusual, three-line stanza, but both are equally well suited to improvisation, and each soon adapted itself to the architecture of the other. Just as the words were in three lines, instead of the two or four more familiar in simple lyrics, so the music fell into a twelve-bar pattern, rather than the usual eight or sixteen bars.

As the examples I have used have indicated, each blues line usually expressed a complete thought, and could be considered a complete sentence. Similarly, the music would return, on the last syllable of each line, to the keynote, or to the third or fifth, as if placing a period at the end of a sentence. Thus the entire strain is made up of three short hops, separated by distinct intervals, instead of being one sustained flight. From this there stem rather bizarre and contrasting effects of internal finality and final incompleteness: where one expects the melody to stop, it resumes; and just as one expects a fourth four-bar phrase, the music stops. Take the classic, *Joe Turner*, shown below:

Certain examples show a deviation: the first eight bars present a single period, with thesis and antithesis; the last four supply a coda based on the preceding four. When such a construction is found in a folk-blues, it would suggest that the original verse sung to it expressed a single thought, without repetition. But in the beautiful variant on the early *Dallas Blues* shown on the following page (see p. 74, for published version of this early blues; see also note on pp. 207-208), all that has been done is to bridge over the interval between the first and second phrases:

Ab
(G)

If de riv-er was whisk-ey and I—was a mal-lard, I said a mal-lard,

Ab7 (G7) 8 D♭ (C) 8 D♭7 (C7) 8 Ab 8. (G)

I mean a duck, If de riv-er was whisk-ey and — I was a mal-lard duck, —

8 8 E♭7 (D7) 8 Ab (G)

— I would dive right down — An' nev-er would come up. —

3

Oh, de Mississippi River is so deep an'—*so wide*
an' deep, an', so deep an' wide, an'—
 De Mississippi River am so deep an' wide
 An' de lights buhn low, on de udder side.

Did you ever wake up in de middle of de night
 with de blues *all round you, de blues all round*
you, did you
 Ever wake up with de blues all round yo' bed?
 An' no one near, to soothe yo' achin' head?

Oh, de graveyard is a nasty ol' place, dey spade
 you under, *spade you under, dey*

Shovel you under, an' dey throw dirt in yo'
 face;
 Ooh, de graveyard is a nasty ol' place.

The italicized words in this song are, of course, merely patter accompanying a musical "break." The only irregularity is in the short rest between "mallard" and "I said," and if you insert in place of this rest the word "duck," both tune and verse conform to type. In the well-known *Frankie and Johnny* (a ballad, rather than a blues, but having a twelve-bar tune), the second phrase is bridged to both the first and the third.

³ *Dallas Blues*: Copyright Edwin H. Morris & Co., Inc.; copyright renewed. Used by permission. Above words are traditional and not used in published version. They and the variant music given here were transcribed from memory for the 1926 edition of this book, as I heard it sung by a white American, in an English public house, in 1920.

Since the first edition I have determined that *Dallas Blues* was the second piece known to have been published under the name "blues." (There had been nineteenth-century tunes with such titles as *The Richmond Blues*, but these were actually marches, named for local military organizations, and "blue" was merely the color of a uniform—*cf.*, in New York, the "Knickerbocker Greys.") The first so-called "blues" was *Baby Seals Blues* which appeared in St. Louis, on August 3, 1912; *Dallas* was published in Oklahoma City, on September 6, 1912. The third was Handy's *Memphis Blues*, in Memphis, on September 28, 1912, but this had already been played for three years before its publication (see p. 34 and following).

In *Joe Turner* each line of the words occupies considerably less than the allotted four bars, leaving a long wait before the next phrase. This is quite typical, and it is also important to the history of jazz. For one thing, it provides the improviser with a breathing space in which to shape his next idea. And if he is not concentrating on the creation of a new line, he can use this space for whatever fantastic vocal or instrumental wanderings he will, returning usually—though not necessarily—to the keynote, third or fifth before the next phrase. Thus, in folk-blues the last syllable of each vocal line coincides not only with the keynote or another element of the major triad but also with the first beat of the third bar of the musical phrase that accompanies it. Accordingly, there then follow either seven quick beats or three slow ones (depending on the time signature), before the basic melody is resumed. The irregular rest in the *Dallas* variant falls on the crucial beat; the surplus notes which follow it, and which fill in the interval, are what is known as “the break” or “the jazz.” Actually this particular break is well concealed and woven into the main framework, as appears when we compare a verse of the simpler example of *Joe Turner* with its break added:

JOE TURNER (2nd Verse)

He come wid fo' - ty links of chain, Oh — Lawd - y, Come wid

fo' - ty links of chain, Oh — Lawd - y, Got my man an' gone. —

In the folk-blues, these breaks had no such name, and were generally as simple as this last specimen, but there might also be esoteric improvisations on the banjo or piano. It is unfortunate that no actual transcriptions of these early instrumental breaks are in existence. Like the verses, they were, of course, unwritten and spontaneous; but, unlike them, they could not be passed on by word of mouth, and were not apt to be imitated. More recent improvised jazz of this sort has been preserved on recordings. At least one such break has been kept

alive by much imitation—the shifting-rhythm device in the latter part of *Memphis Blues*, which was introduced by Paul Wyer, violinist in Handy's Memphis Band, three years before the song was published, and which is shown at the top of the following page.

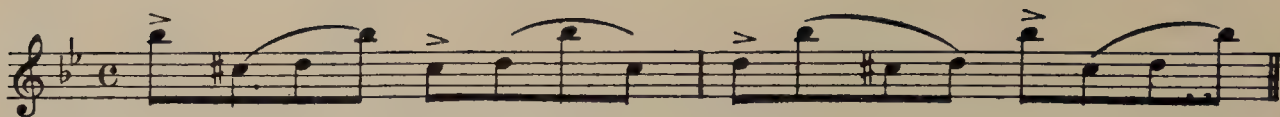
Harmony and Tunes

The early, unwritten blues tunes were extremely simple, and so constructed that a singer who wished to accompany himself need know only three chords—the common chords of the keynote and subdominant, and the chord of the dominant seventh. I have arranged the *Dallas Blues* variant in this way (p. 18). This peculiarity, of course, is by no means confined to the blues. *Yankee Doodle*, *Swanee River*, *Holy Night*, and no doubt thousands of others may be sung to the same three chords.

A classical blues melody consists of three brief phrases, made up of the syncopated juggling of a very few notes.⁴ If you disregard the minor third in *Joe Turner*, you find that it is limited in this way. The frequent return to the keynote gave an almost hypnotic effect that is an important blues quality; the only other note equally stressed was the third. And the third

has given the blues an equally basic characteristic: the untrained Negro voice had a tendency to “worry” this note when dwelling upon it, slurring or wavering between flat and natural. The slur was to be expected even when the accompaniment was the banjo—a cheerful in-

⁴ These notes might be those of the pentatonic scale, which omits the fourth and seventh, running “do, re, mi, sol, la.” The characteristic blues accompaniment, with its subdominant modulations, may seem inappropriate to pentatonic melodies, but this may be explained by Ballanta-Taylor's theory that the African, although he frequently sings in this scale, does so without feeling it as a scale.



strument. With a guitar, whose strings are normally arranged to invite use of minor chords, it would be even more pronounced, and might be duplicated on the instrument. Any Memphis Negro boy who acquired a harmonica would operate on it with a knife till it would produce the slur at will. Failing of that, he would throw it away, for this musical trick (the basis for the modern "blue note") is a native African inheritance, and ingrained.

This peculiarity may be explained by a characteristic Negro fondness for the flatted seventh—and by an affinity for the key of the subdominant, of which in the tonic scale third is the seventh. To test this, experiment on the blues in this collection, striking with each prominent minor third its seventh below (and note also the striking examples in the last strain of *Beale Street Blues*, on p. 119). To a listener not familiar with the blues, and thinking in terms of a single scale, the momentary change of key might not be apparent; actually, it might be difficult to classify the entire melody, if sung unaccompanied, as either major or minor.

The Name and the Form

The blues are a comparatively recent form, but they were woven of the same stuff as the long list of Negro folk-songs out of which, in part, they developed: the work songs, love songs, devil songs, the over-and-overs, slow-drags, pats, stomps, and, decidedly, the spirituals. They were at first called by several of these names, but by 1910 (there is no substantial evidence of an earlier date) they had achieved enough of a separate status to be known specifically as "the blues" among many Southern Negroes. Most of them were still merely independent verses, with no titles save their first lines to distinguish one from another. Such titles as *Weary Blues* and *Worried Blues* were probably merely generic terms; one can

imagine the white man asking, "What's that terrible thing you're singing?" and the answer: "Oh, dat's jus' de weary blues." For by that time the blues had become established as a rigid, definite form, a vehicle for common-property verses and, as I have noted, of a character that encouraged further improvisation.

I have been referring frequently to *Joe Turner*, and it is quite likely that this folk-song was the grandfather of all blues. All early blues may have been merely conscientious renditions of *Joe Turner*, to the best of the singers' memories; therefore any and all of them would simply be "the blues." The framework and harmonic scheme of *Joe Turner* were familiar everywhere; they were probably "natural" and inherent. Thus they might be adopted, quite unconsciously, for impromptu, crude improvisation, and having involved so little creative effort, would easily be forgotten—small pain, short memory. But the *form* was of more durable stuff; it would remain as a base on which to hang the next flimsy tune. Anyone who understands the form can compose a blues tune; try it on your piano. It may not be good, but it will be blues. And here lies the explanation of a seemingly curious fact: the true, "three-cornered" blues were being sung all over the South before one was ever published, yet it is their words, not their tunes, that survive. New spirituals, with highly developed melodies, are constantly being uncovered; why not pre-Handy blues tunes? The answer is that the blues were essentially a mold—filled, emptied, and replenished, so easy to fill that little trouble was taken filling it.

It remained for one musician to take it up, to attempt to put into it something of lasting value. But for that man, W. C. Handy, the blues might not so soon have penetrated the national consciousness, nor ever have become the integral part of our music that they now are.



III. WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER HANDY

Handy was born in Florence, Alabama, nine miles from the Muscle Shoals Canal, on November 16, 1873, son and grandson of Methodist ministers. His grandfather built the first Negro church in the little town, and the west side of Florence is known as Handy's Hill today. None of the Handys had been musical, the calling itself was considered disreputable, and Handy recalls his father's declaring that he would sooner follow his son's hearse than see him a professional musician. But young Handy had, perhaps from his mother's family, the Brewers, a musical bent. From his earliest days, on visits to his grandfather's farm near Lock 7 (the present site of the Wilson Dam), he would escape down to the locks to hear the laborers sing; and he never missed an opportunity to learn more about music. There should be no mistake as to this: he obtained a sound, thorough, and early musical grounding. He has been severely criticized for this by some devotees of musical illiteracy, and he might as well have the credit, too.

There was a great variety of local sources for him to draw upon. The Negro public school boasted a teacher from Fisk University, Y. A. Wallace, who eternally drilled his classes in singing by the tonic sol-fa system until they could perform, unaccompanied, choruses from Wagner, Verdi, and Bizet. Handy studied under Wallace for eleven years. Also, in those post-Civil War days, itinerant white music teachers, some of them from England, found the Southern Negroes to be a fertile and lucrative field for musical instruction. A Professor Rice had organized the Florence Brass Band, and he was succeeded by Professor Long, formerly bandmaster with Howes' New London Circus. The band rehearsed in a large barber-shop, in which was set up a blackboard showing the proper fingering for the various instruments. After school young Handy would peep through the windows and learn what he could. Later, without his parents' knowledge, he obtained an ancient, battered \$2.50 rotary-valve cornet, which he fingered outside the shop while the bandmen played within. Before too

long Handy was a member of the local band.

And Florence, like every Southern town, had its quartet. When Handy became a tenor, he joined them in singing the popular songs of the day, as performed by the minstrel shows, circuses, and "concert companies." Since the quartet, which later grew into a glee club, could all read music, they sang the famous arrangements of Buck and Shattuck, sometimes even sending to London for their quartet arrangements. Handy recalls that they often serenaded their sweethearts with love songs; the young white bloods overheard, and took to hiring them to serenade the white girls in Florence and neighboring towns.

There was still no sympathy at home for any thought of a musical career. So after two years as a teacher in the public schools, Handy decided that \$19.75 a month was not enough, and went to Birmingham to work in the Harrison Howard Pipe Works for \$1.85 a day. He was only nineteen, but he was a musician, and capable then—as he has been ever since—of filing away in his memory any song, even any unintentionally musical cry, that reached his ears. It was there, for instance, that he first heard the old folk-tune which he wrote down thirty years later, with due acknowledgment, as the second part of *Harlem Blues*. It was originally a song about Allius Brown, High Sheriff of Jefferson County (Birmingham):

Here comes Allius Brown, ridin' after me,
Ridin' after me, boys, ridin' after me,—
Here comes Allius Brown, ridin' after me;
I'm gwine back to Birmingham.

And he later heard it sung all over the South to other words:

I've laid aroun' an' fooled aroun', till summer's
almost gone,
Summer's almost gone, babe, summer's almost
gone.
I've laid aroun', an' fooled aroun', till summer's
almost gone,—
I've laid 'roun' dis town too long.

The Birmingham interlude was short. Depression closed the shops in 1893 and Handy

returned permanently to music. He organized a quartet which started out for the Chicago World's Fair with a capital of just twenty cents, all Handy's, and which nevertheless, by singing in Southern church concerts, serenading in the towns, and entertaining train crews and passengers, finally reached its destination—only to find the Fair postponed. There followed a short period of mingled fascination and starvation in St. Louis, in memory of which he eventually named his most famous song. He was a band leader in Evansville, Indiana, and then in Henderson, Kentucky, where the magnificent German singing society so impressed him that he became janitor of the building for the extra choral education this afforded. The reputation which he was gradually building for himself brought him his next major assignment, as cornet soloist and later bandmaster and orchestra leader for the famous Mahara's Colored Minstrels. Save for a two-year intermission teaching music at the A. and M. College in Huntsville, Alabama, he followed the gaudy old-time minstrel life from 1896 to 1903. Mahara's show played principally in Northern cities, for Negroes were something of a novelty there, and customers would pay up to three dollars to see their performance, at a time when troupes in the South were playing for the traditional "ten, twenty, thirty" cents' admission fee.

He continued, as ever, to absorb the ways of Negro song, but this was in spite of his job, not because of it. Mahara's Minstrel Show, like any other of the period, paid no serious attention to the musical expressions of the race; if a spiritual were sung at all, it was a lively one, which could be burlesqued into a reel:

Get on boa'd, little chillun',
 Get on boa'd, *big* chillun',
 Get on boa'd, *all de* chillun'—
 Daddy and Mammy, too!

At noon in the town square, and again outside the auditorium before the evening performance, Handy would lead the musicians through daily, hour-long "classical concerts." All minstrel bands were expected to play the *William Tell* and *Poet and Peasant* overtures, and some selections from *The Mikado* or *Bohemian Girl*,

plus perhaps a medley of American airs like *Plantation Echoes*, interspersed with solos for the piccolo, trombone, or trumpet. In the theater the soloist would probably offer the latest tune from Broadway, from Paul Dresser or Charles K. Harris. Mahara's star performer, Billy Young, had a repertoire that ranged from a selection from Shakespeare to a Chauncey Olcott song—depending on his audience—but his specialties were the tear-jerking songs of Gussie L. Davis, such as *Fatal Wedding*, or *Picture 84*. Davis, who produced more than five hundred songs, was one of only two Negroes whose tunes were used in the early minstrel shows. The other was James Bland, for no program was complete without a minstrel chorus rendition of his *Golden Slippers*, probably followed by the Stephen Foster favorites and *Dixie*. Most of the other selections were "coon songs." These were dutifully undertaken by the musicians, who were obliging or subtle enough to put them over with gusto and get their laughs. But their private opinions of such burlesques were something else again.

Such were the colored minstrel shows of that day. Yet Mahara's contributed to Handy's musical education. One night in Oakland, California, in 1897, he made his entrance for the "classical cornet solo"—it was Hartmann's *Mia*—and found that his variations were being applauded from the boxes, but hissed by the gallery. Next evening he played the new song hit, *Georgia Camp Meeting*, and he tapped his foot; this time he won undivided applause.

In 1903 he was teaching and leading the Knights of Pythias Band and Orchestra in Clarksdale, Mississippi: nine men in uniform, playing the latest Broadway hits. Here he experienced another such jolt as that of the "classical cornet solo," and also to be recognized later as a valuable lesson. The band was working at a white society dance in the near-by town of Cleveland. After several hours of the conventional dance music, there was a call to "play some of your own people's music." Handy's men tried a slow-drag, *Peaceful Henry*, which he had played with Mahara's, but that didn't seem to be enough. So to demonstrate what was wanted, someone brought in

three local Negroes with a guitar, mandolin, and bass viol, who began a rough, backyard over-and-over that brought them more, in tips, than the full evening's salary of the uniformed band.

It was still hard to grasp the fact that there was the germ of something of commercial value in this unplanned musical by-product, which Handy had been enjoying and storing away all his life. What a Mississippi town would accept—perhaps just as a whim—for part of an evening could not be considered fit material for regular use. When, a few weeks later, Handy heard some unknown, outside a country railroad station, playing a guitar with a knife blade and whining something about “Goin’ where de Southern cross de Yaller Dawg” (the Yellow Dog is the Yazoo Delta railroad, which crosses the Southern line’s tracks at Morehead, Mississippi), he was impelled, as always, to question the singer and jot down the tune as something of beauty. But his momentary first idea of doing something constructive with such material was deferred in favor of the more practical project of moving to Memphis.

In 1905 he was teaching the Memphis colored Pythian Band, and such individual pupils as he could get, to support his family. He was organizing a new band, *the Handy Band*, from among other strangers who had wandered into town and were wondering how to gain a place in the Memphis orchestral field, which was largely divided among several tight cliques. There was great demand for music in Memphis. Social life was gay; there were many dances; from corner saloons came the sound of guitars, of pianos, and of singing. During the day, bands might be heard throughout the suburbs, and on Beale Street and other important thoroughfares, playing to advertise a dance that would be held that evening—perhaps at Church’s Park. Even the routine advertising campaigns amounted to little unless they sent out small bands to whip up public attention in the far quarters of the city.

The Memphis Blues

It was the Memphis idea of advertising, in combination with its politics, that led Handy

directly toward his destiny. In 1909 the fight for the mayoralty was three-cornered. There were also three leading Negro bands: Eckford’s, Bynum’s, and Handy’s. As a matter of course, these bands were engaged to call to the public attention the executive abilities of the several candidates. Through a ward leader named Jim Mulcahy, before whose saloon the Handy band had often played, Handy was engaged for candidate E. H. Crump. This was a large commission, involving the organization of sub-bands to cover all possible voting territory, and Handy was inspired to create a tune for the occasion. Automatically, he turned to the blues form, which had by this time embedded itself in his thought. What he wrote, however, was anything but a lament. When his band opened fire with the piece—named, of course, *Mister Crump*—at the corner of Main and Madison, it caused dancing in the streets and public whistling. With such a song, the popular choice was a foregone conclusion: Crump became mayor and Handy became a local celebrity. He was sought after for all celebrations, called on to write out manuscripts of his song for the belles between numbers at the dances (and tipped handsomely by their beaux), and he was proprietor of a whole chain of bands—sending out up to sixty-seven musicians to various quarters of Memphis and even to surrounding states in a single night.

As played that first night, *Mister Crump*’s first and third parts were without lyrics, but the second, of the more familiar sixteen-bar construction, was sung by Handy’s guitarist to a little stanza in which Handy had summarized the sentiments already current in Memphis Negro circles (at seventy-five, he is now bold enough to admit being its author). Crump was running on a clean-up-the-town platform, but this verse ran as follows:

Mister Crump won’t ’low no easy riders here,
Mister Crump won’t ’low no easy riders here.
I don’t care what Mister Crump don’t ’low,
I’m gwine to bar’l-house anyhow,—
Mister Crump can go an’ catch hisself some air!

The official platform may have helped in some Memphis homes, but it was to these valiant

words that Handy's candidate rode to triumph.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Crump, through the years, has shown ample ability to get ahead under his own steam. Certainly neither he nor Mr. Handy would claim that—if their divergent paths had not intersected for that one musical moment—the other would not have reached both his immediate object and his ultimate destination.

The first blues ever written down enriched others, but, for many years, not its composer. His first composition, a *Roosevelt Triumphal March*, had gone down to oblivion with the Chicago house that had bought it. His second, with words by his future partner, Harry H. Pace, and entitled *In the Cotton Fields of Dixie*, had been published in Cincinnati, but the writers had been done out of their royalties. *Mister Crump* was turned down by one New York firm after another, with the acute observation that the strains were four bars short. In Memphis, Handy was told that a Negro's work could not be accepted for publication anyway—probably most Southern whites of that day would have been surprised to learn that the vaudeville stars, Cole and Johnson, and song writers Gussie L. Davis and James Bland were colored, and that some of the biggest song hits in the show windows were by a Memphis Negro, J. Lubrie Hill, then playing in New York in his own production, *My Friend from Dixie*.

In the summer of 1912, however, L. Z. Phillips, white, volunteered to "help" Handy publish a thousand copies and to try them out on the music counter at Bry's Department Store, where Phillips worked. Handy accepted. Phillips (who, incidentally, has been credited with composing the *Marine Hymn*) was employed by Bry's music-department concessionaire Theron C. Bennett, a Denver publisher.⁵ Phillips took the manuscript, wordless and retitled as *The Memphis Blues, or, Mister Crump*, and ordered it printed in Ohio. Bennett himself turned up in Memphis in time to get his "Theron C. Bennett Co." named in the printer's proof as "Selling Agts," and on Saturday, Sep-

tember 28th, the white men let Handy see his thousand copies put on sale.

Next week, however, they let him know that the public considered the piece "too hard" and wouldn't buy it—most of the thousand copies, they pointed out, were still on the shelf. That seemed to end Handy's hopes for the song, and when Bennett offered to risk fifty dollars cash for the copyright itself, royalty-free, Handy took him up. For many years, however, they called it a hundred-dollar deal, because one hundred dollars sounded better and because they were counting in a batch of the unsold copies which were turned back to Handy, although he had paid for the printing in the first place. A few days later, the printer's records show, Bennett ordered another ten thousand copies with his own imprint.

In the '30s Bennett (by then inclined to romanticize his pioneering adventure in the blues) wrote an account which said that the first thousand copies of *Memphis Blues* had sold out in three days. This looked like press-agent's license at the time, but in 1939 a search of the Ohio printer's original records furnished undreamed-of proof of its possible accuracy. These records show that Phillips' printing order had been, not for one thousand copies, as arranged with Handy, but for *two* thousand, half to come by express and the rest by freight. Thus, Handy's obliging friends could indeed have sold a thousand, and still have had a thousand to prove that no one would buy.

Bennett took *The Memphis Blues* home to Denver, reissued it with success, and in 1913 brought it out (minus its first strain) as a song about the Handy Band. The lyrics of this version were credited to George A. Norton, who as Bennett's staff writer had done a similar job on another famous piece, Ernie Burnett's *My Melancholy Baby*. Bennett made a great deal of money from *Memphis*, spent it, and eventually lost his ownership. When this book first appeared, twenty-three years ago, Handy could not—save at a prohibitive price—even obtain permission from Bennett's current successor in title to include *The Memphis Blues*.

Handy, however, survived both Phillips and

⁵ It should thus be noted that Bry's Store itself had no interest or responsibility in the transaction here described.

Bennett, survived the first twenty-eight-year term of the *Memphis* copyright, and thereupon, under the renewal provision of our copyright law, recaptured his piece. (I had the pleasure of observing his expression as he handed in the papers at the Copyright Office in Washington.) The original *Memphis Blues*, with some of the street-jingles that were sung to its tune, may be found at p. 70 of this volume. Even now, thirty-seven years later, a New York publishing corporation is suing Handy under a claim of rights acquired from a relative of Norton, but Handy feels that, at least, he has made progress since the affair at Bry's.

Handy did not sit back to mourn on losing his hit, but sensibly set about producing another one. The *St. Louis Blues* appeared in 1914. This he did not sell out, and it is a national anthem today. His other great blues followed down the years. He formed a publishing firm in Memphis with Harry H. Pace, whom he also survived, moved it to New York in 1919, and still runs it on Broadway as Handy Bros. Music Co., Inc., with his brother Charles and his children, W. C., Jr., Katharine, Lucile, and Wyer Owens Handy, as its central staff. He has carried it on through two onsets of blindness, the second of which threatens to be permanent. What he cannot read, he has read to him, and remembers generally longer than the reader. What he can no longer write, he dictates, and this includes the choral or orchestral arrangements of Negro spirituals remembered from his youth (some of them remembered by him alone) which have been his principal musical preoccupation for some years past. These, though he will never see them, are, nevertheless, W. C. Handy arrangements. He does not want anyone else ever to rearrange the standard piano-and-voice versions of his own songs.

At seventy-five years, he is a churchman, a thirty-third degree Mason, and the pride of the authors', composers', and publishers' association, ASCAP. (The affection with which he is regarded by the hard-boiled New York music trade is indicated by the language of the letters of permission which have made this book possible.) His songs have blanketed the globe. One of his prized souvenirs is a pirated Japanese

phonograph record of *St. Louis Blues* out of a cave in Okinawa. The pirated Russian version is equally funny.

Handy truckles to no man, but most of his first and best supporters have been whites. Within his own race, he has had greater recognition from the masses than from some of the brasses, who are inclined at times to overvalue conventionality. One of his old songs is called *Sounding Brass and Tinkling Cymbal*. He has an ample sense of fun, but W. C. Handy does not tinkle. He is an artist, a trouper, a citizen, and a gentleman. His work will live, but he himself cannot be replaced.

IV. THE MODERN BLUES AND JAZZ

SAD HORNS

. . . orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the "Beale Street Blues" while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust. At the gray tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

(*The Great Gatsby*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald.)

The "Blue Note"

Handy's object when he wrote a blues was not confined to composing a pretty or a catchy song. He sought to speak in the language of the folk singers—meaning not merely their words and turns of thought, but their musical language. For this last purpose it was particularly necessary somehow to convey their typical slurring of the third note of the scale, which was a peculiarity of Negro folk singing generally, not merely the blues. One cannot reproduce on paper what a Bessie Smith would do to this note; it is necessary to work out conventions.

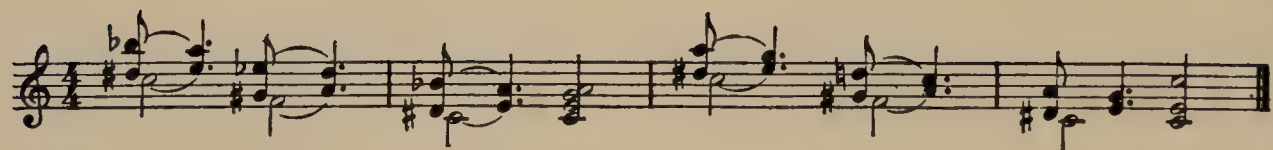
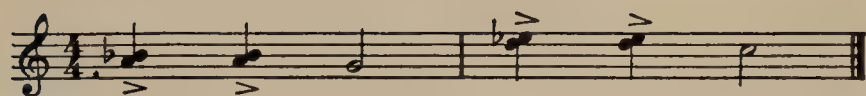
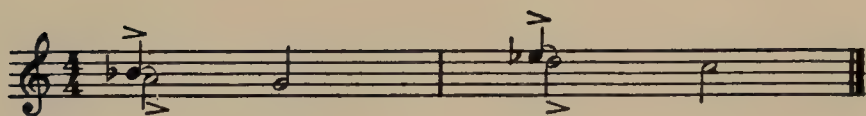
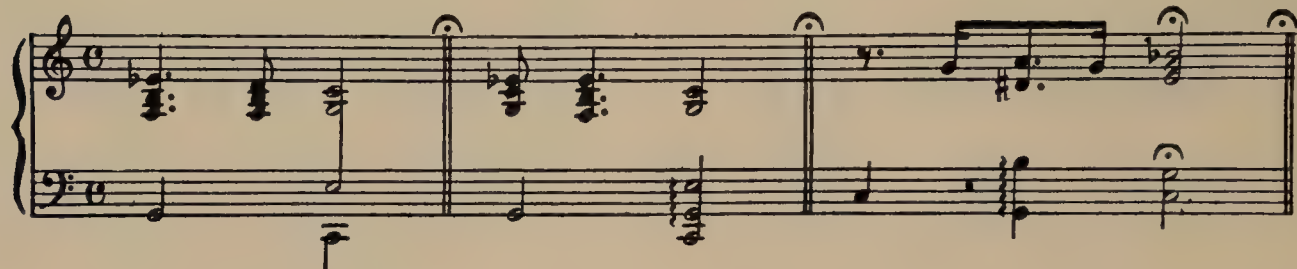
Handy's convention was the irregular introduction of the flatted third into his scripts. Thus the minor third might share a beat with

the major (*Memphis*, 2nd strain, 3rd and 4th bars, p. 70), or appear as a grace note to the major (*St. Louis*, 1st bar of melody proper, p. 82), or entirely replace the major. Since his compositions had a prevailing major, the effect of these transitory changes, to ears accustomed to the insipidities of Tin-Pan Alley, was strange and, after the first shock, interesting. Here were tunes with a third dimension; under their sweetness was something bitter.

Handy's interpolated flat third caught and

the sardonic humor which they impart to the whole, are blues-inspired.

The "blue" slur had most commonly accompanied a stressing, or prolongation of the third, by the voice or instrument. Such a treatment was not possible at every point where the third might occur, but it was most characteristic when it coincided with the second-from-the-last syllable of a line of the words, or appeared as the corresponding note in the break which followed, as shown here:



held popular attention even more than the architectural scheme of his tunes—more than the features that stemmed exclusively from the folk-blues. It has acquired a name of its own: the "blue note." Since the white song writers have generally failed to absorb the twelve-bar blues form, their occasional use of the blue note is often the only musical feature that justifies them—from the historical standpoint—in using the name "blues." From the same strict standpoint, the title *Rhapsody in Blue* is a contradiction in terms, although many of the musical devices in Gershwin's little masterpiece, and

The seventh is similarly treated, though to a lesser extent; and this secondary blue note is probably responsible for a device that rapidly became a cliché—though it was never used by Handy—that of ending the tune on the flatted seventh (first line, last bar of above examples) or even on the ninth.

Handy is also to be credited with the introduction of the *habañera* or tango rhythm (a dotted quarter, an eighth, and two quarter notes), which appears in the accompanying bass to some of his blues. This pattern, a striking contrast to the syncopation of the blues



tune, was implied in *Memphis* and explicit in *St. Louis Blues*. A plausible justification for its



use in jazz music, and an explanation of its popularity among Negroes, is that this is an African rhythm (the native word is *tangana*), Spanish only through adoption by the Moors. In this connection, it is interesting to note the current invasion of so-called "Afro-Cuban" rhythms into the field of "be-bop," the most recent innovation in orchestral jazz. The tango rhythm, incidentally, led directly into the Charleston, which is the same thing except that the two quarter notes are replaced by a half-note rest.

Jazz

There are many stories accounting for the origin of the word "jazz," but the thing itself owes a great deal to the shortness of the three vocal lines in the old blues, previously discussed, and to the fact that this was observed by Handy and carried over into his writings. That short line left a gap which human nature could not resist filling in; the singers of the old folk-blues felt obliged to bridge any two lines with a "Lawdy," an "I mean," or a repetition:

Goin' where de Southern cross de Dawg—*cross*
dat Yaller Dawg,
 Goin' where de Southern cross de Yaller Dawg
 —*cross dat Yaller Dawg*,—
 Goin' where she cross—*dat*—Dawg.

As already observed, it would seldom be more elaborate than that, although a singer who played an instrument might improvise "breaks" at that point. (It should be noted that these instrumental figures, traditional or improvised, which filled in the pauses between lines of the blues, came to be called "the jazz.")

There was always, however, the incentive to do something better, or at least different from the improvisation the singer might have heard someone else execute. This powerful racial impulse toward competitive artistic effort (which you may observe in any group of little colored boys dancing at a street corner) is found, in

singing, in the single voice trying to distinguish itself among the rest. Handy noticed its strength as a child, and in the most improbable circumstances: the singing, by large church congregations, of the "baptisin'" and "death and burial" songs. These were not spirituals, but old and familiar hymns written in long meter and sung to the old words—but as only Negroes sang them.

The preacher would "word" or "line out" the text, two lines at a time, in a semi-musical wail or shout. This was independent of the actual melody, and full of the flatted thirds and sevenths which Handy, remembering his boyhood impressions, was to set down years later as "blue notes." The congregation then sang the same two lines; the preacher lined out the next two, and so on throughout the song. As the congregation sang it, the hymn was retarded throughout, until as much as ten seconds might elapse between syllables; from every note each singer would start on a vocal journey of his own, wandering in strange pentatonic figures, but returning together at the proper moment to the next note of the melody. If one had succeeded in attracting attention by an exceptional note or a striking rhythmic figure, a dozen others would attempt, starting from the next note, to outdo him. To an unaccustomed listener close at hand, the result would be chaos, but at a distance the sounds merged into a strange and moving harmony. While the total effect of course cannot be transcribed, two examples of how a single voice might run its gamut are on the following page.

This competitive instinct was not a part of the folk-blues, which, as already observed, were a one-man affair. But with the first performances of *Mister Crump* by the Handy Band, something new took place: at a certain point in the third part one musician would suddenly deviate from the score, putting in "licks" of his own creation. Until then this band, like every other dance orchestra, had played only what was set before it in black and white. But this time discipline fell before each musician's desire to fill in the fascinating break, if he could, more ingeniously than the others. When the encores came, each man put in his bid to

Arr. by W. C. HANDY

Assung

On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand.

As written

As sung

Come we that love the Lord.

As written

Copyright MCMXXVI by W.C.Handy

assert his individuality, just as had the church singers at the baptisings. The break contributed by Handy's violinist, Paul Wyer, in the version already shown on page 20, stemmed from this competition, and can thus be considered a direct descendant of *On Jordan's Stormy Banks*.

From then on Handy's musicians had a free hand in the breaks of his blues; and before long they found another means of self-expression, namely, by taking turns, chorus by chorus, in solo variations on the theme against the original harmonies and rhythmical background. This caught on with the white customers. They were not content to hear it in the blues alone, but began calling to "whip it up" (later, "jazz it up"), no matter what was being played; what they wanted was this competition in "hot choruses." Other bands began following suit, and not only colored bands: more than anyone else Honey Boy Evans' bandmaster, Eddie Cupero, carried and interpreted the *Memphis Blues*, in the Memphis manner, to the country in the Evans Minstrels' nation-wide tour of 1913. Years before "Dixieland" jazz broke on the big cities generally, the Memphis influence had been felt as far, to my own observation, as Connecticut, as anyone will confirm who ever heard Eddie Wittstein's orchestra play its version of the Negro Will Tyler's *Maori*. The break, meanwhile, had rapidly become a sort of Handy trademark. It first appeared in Wyer's *Memphis Blues* violin figure, which Handy carried over into *Jogo* (p. 78) in 1913 and even

used in playing the *St. Louis Blues* of the following year. Then, in various striking forms, it was actually written into *Yellow Dog* (1914, p. 86), *Hesitating* and *Joe Turner* (1915, pp. 100, 104) *Beale Street* (1916, p. 116), and so on down the years. From the Handy Band this device spread to others, for Handy's orchestra, the most prominent in its own section, also journeyed far afield. Its home was on the Mississippi River; bands from St. Louis, New Orleans, and other cities also traveled up and down on the river boats: each group knew the others; they all exchanged personnel; and in general knew what was cooking on each other's stove.

At this point a bit of definition and distinction seems appropriate. It should be understood that I write from the standpoint of one interested in all of American folk-song and popular music: old, new, hot, cold; even sweet (if not too sweet) and bad (if bad enough). In a fairly long pursuit of this interest I have been able to observe the establishment of one new "school" after another, each basing its cult on some more or less important variation of treatment and some new name, and often regarding all other musical concepts with horror and aversion. Thus the "New Orleans" neo-classicists (meaning listeners and critics, not working musicians), whose attitude toward Gershwin was that, say, of Trotsky toward Kerensky, are themselves now coming to be regarded by adepts of the new "be-bop" school

with the same sort of hanging look that Stalin gave Trotsky. The offense is heresy, for what is concerned is creeds. This is not too unhealthy and is sometimes a good deal of fun, especially to a non-partisan, but it should be realized that these are basically internal wars, strictly inside jazz. Mr. Handy, by the way, is not very mad at anyone; it is largely his ammunition that the opponents are shooting at each other—and, sometimes, him.

For me, the present task is briefly to explore the influence of the blues upon American music—principally popular, largely jazz, subdivide it as you will. But to aid in the better understanding of this particular book, let me toss in my own understanding of the term “jazz.” It is both a noun and a verb; any piece can be jazzed, and the result is jazz. The noun, accordingly, denotes two things: first, a way of playing music; second, music thus produced, or written for such treatment or to simulate the jazz effect. Since that effect is best and most often conveyed by virtuoso instrumentalists, these distinctions have become blurred, and jazz itself becomes confused with *people*. Serious writers, let alone the public, identify jazz with individual bands and performers and their phonograph records, so that weighty treatises credit Joplin’s *Maple Leaf Rag* or Carmichael’s *Riverboat Shuffle* to a given band or player, to the entire exclusion of the composer himself.

The underlying principles of jazz (apart from rhythmical and accentual complexities that need no analysis here) are surprise, shock, a grim humor which can rise to irony, and competition for attention and applause.⁶ Thus, in the very broadest sense, such a work as Richard Strauss’s *Till Eulenspiegel* is full of jazz (and of blue notes), but to keep the definition useful it is best to confine it to its American techniques, which have become more or less systematized.

The jazz effect may be conveyed by *strange sounds* and tone qualities produced by the various band instruments (*e.g.*, the “wah-wah” sounds, the muted trumpet, the laughing or

⁶ Getting attention was the first practical problem of the little, moneyless, Negro street bands of the sort casually noticed, from early days, by writers on the Southern scene.

half-strangled trombone). This method, especially when applied *ensemble* in free polyphonic improvisation (or, to the unaccustomed ear, in pandemonium), is most often associated with New Orleans, with a brass, reed, and percussion instrumentation (pianos absent or subordinate), and with a steady 4-4 beat. The Memphis technique (developed out of the blues form by the Handy Band) has been more or less submerged by the cries of the New Orleans devotees and pitchmen, but it is something quite distinct and different. In this tradition, the same ultimate effects are produced, originally against a 2-4 beat, by *strange musical figures* which do not attempt to overpower the main theme or each other, but which fill in the breaks in the melodic main line. The blues break-figures are independent little solo tunes or themes in themselves with their own rhythms and accents, their own steep angular lines, and their own grotesque, witty, angry, or passionate comments.

This is the very stuff of that part of jazz which can be written down, and its use in the breaks was soon extended to entire “hot choruses,” taken by the various solo instruments in turn, in which they offer their individual and often improvised variations on the original air or against the same basic harmonic structure, before “going to town” together in the finale. A good example of “take your turn,” as applied to the breaks only, may be found in James Reese Europe’s Pathé record of *Memphis Blues*, made in 1917 or ’18.⁷

It would be inaccurate to say that the *Memphis Blues* breaks were the first breaks ever played. The point is that it was through them, and through the Handy Band’s exploitation, that the breaks—and the kind of jazz that developed from them—set forth on their way to becoming standard technique. They then consolidated their position through the later Handy blues and through the early experiments of other writers following his lead. It is certain that the breaks were emphatically exploited and acclaimed in Memphis from 1909 on, and there is no evidence that they had ever

⁷ Handy’s own 1917 recordings were made with a personnel mostly picked up in Chicago, since his own men did not want to come to New York; and they did not include his blues.

previously taken any real hold elsewhere. For that matter, the only testimony I have been able to find that the so-called "blues" reputedly played in New Orleans by Negro bands before *Mister Crump*, were blues at all, has been either without apparent means of knowledge or from romantically unreliable sources.

The titles cited by the New Orleans proponents neither include the name (except for the obvious misnomer *Careless Love Blues*—see pp. 55, 206) nor suggest the thing itself. Contemporaneous phonograph records are of course lacking; and the fact that the first three pieces published under the name of "blues" all rushed off the presses within two months of each other, in 1912, is highly suggestive. (One of these three, *The Memphis Blues*, was of course already three years old, under its original title.)

But even to make a rough inventory and appraisal of New Orleans Negro jazz required an operation somewhat similar to what would have been involved in reproducing Jenny Lind. The original musical product preceded the popularity of the phonograph, and was therefore never recorded in its native habitat. It made its first real splash outside when the Brown Brothers' orchestra and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, both *white*, visited Chicago in 1915 and 1916, and it was in this translated form that it finally achieved nation-wide attention and was permanently set down for posterity, through the 1917 records of the Dixieland outfit. It was late in 1917 that Storyville, the New Orleans red-light district, was closed down, driving many leading Negro instrumentalists northward, and helping to make Chicago the center of jazz activity. In Chicago the varying styles appear to have become merged, and the combination further modified, by both whites and Negroes. It was not until much later that a reconstruction of the Negro New Orleans style, and the original recordings of the Dixieland offshoot, came successively to be re-isolated as something "classical," to be collected in first editions, reissued by "hot societies," and transformed in published books, both American and foreign, into a dogma couched in the fanciest of language.

But in the significant year 1917, it should be remembered, Handy's *Memphis Blues* was five years old (eight as *Mister Crump*), his *Jogo* was four, his *St. Louis* and *Yellow Dog* were three, *Hesitating* and *Joe Turner* were two, and *Beale Street Blues* had appeared early that year. These, along with a few other authentic blues specimens from other sources, the Scott Joplin rags, and the favorite New Orleans novelties, were by then the teething rings of any budding jazz musicians.

V. THE PIONEERS

Both whites and Negroes have contributed to the ascendancy of the real blues. On the list of pioneers, first mention should be made of the original Handy bandsmen who played for Mr. Crump's election campaign. The first-line members were Ed and Paul Wyer and Jim Turner, violins; Archie Walls, bass viol; George Higgins, guitar and vocals; George Williams, trombone; Robert Young, clarinet; and James Osborne, saxophone (one of the first to play that instrument in any dance orchestra, he later "got religion" and joined the House of David). Handy himself played cornet, and in those days was widely known as a virtuoso. (He is still at it. As I write in 1949, he has just taken time off from business for an engagement with the singer Pearl Bailey at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York.) Never having been recorded, the high caliber of this band (which, for society affairs, had to maintain a repertoire of seventeen different kinds of dances) now lives only in the memory of those who heard it all over Memphis and in the schools and communities of the lower Mississippi Valley. Other regulars of the Handy syndicate, as it developed after *Mr. Crump*, included: *Pianos*, Benny French, Charles Hillman, Eugene Lewis, H. P. (Buddy) McGill; *Violins*, Edward D. Alexander, Richard K. Eckford, James H. Jordan, Richard Ross, Powells Thornton; *Singing Guitarists*, Rufus Ross, Moses Waller, Guy Williams, Ed Winters; *Clarinets and Saxophones*, Charles H. Booker, A. Fitzgiles, George Harris, William King

Phillips, Wilson Townes, T. J. Williams; *Trumpets*, C. W. Blake, R. A. Campbell, Johnny Dunn, John W. Lewis, Matthew Thornton, Charlie Williamson; *Trombones*, G. H. Abernathy, Sylvester V. Bevard, Ezekiel M. Davis, G. I. DesVerney, Alex M. Hunt, Alex M. Valentine; *Basses*, Walter Fuls, Henry Hurt, William H. Means, Bill Stewart; *Drums and Xylophone*, Sam H. Baker, O. C. Claxton, Walter Crews, Jasper Taylor; *Flute*, James H. Pratt; *Cello*, Henry Graves.

Next credit should go to a white man, Eddie Cupero (see p. 32), who is pictured with his band on the cover of the first vocal edition of *Memphis Blues*, published in 1913. Wilbur C. Sweatman made some of the very earliest blues records, including Handy's *Joe Turner*, for the now-defunct Pathé and Emerson companies. Sweatman had a personal specialty of playing three clarinets at once (he told me in 1925: "I could play *four*, but you ruin your face and don't get any extra credit"). The first to record *Memphis Blues* (for Pathé, 1917 or '18) was James Reese Europe, formerly musical director for the Vernon Castles and then for the 369th Infantry; his early death ended what could have been a great career. Handy's first-string band regarded a recording trip to New York as a visionary and impractical adventure, so that the group with which he actually first recorded for Columbia in 1917 was made up of four from Memphis, four Chicago musicians, and four early Handy men also picked up in Chicago. Save for a twelve-bar waltz (*Moonlight Blues*), they confined themselves to the conventional hits, but they served to launch a "National Handy Week" which indirectly helped to consolidate the blues vogue.

Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton, an erratic genius who once claimed to have "discovered jazz in 1902," was a fascinating personality as well as a brilliant composer, pianist, singer, and orchestra leader in the fields of blues and jazz. He was a talker of great fluency, interest, and (to put it mildly) creative imagination; ninety-six record sides made by the Library of Congress, on which he played and talked about early jazz history, have equally entertained, instructed, and misled students of New

Orleans jazz. He is not represented in this anthology only because a collection of his own work is approaching publication. Clarence and Spencer Williams, both giants in the blues, also deserve mention.

A great line of contraltos brought the blues before the public. Perhaps the first of them was the deep-voiced "Ma" Rainey, a now almost legendary figure who habitually wore a necklace of gold eagles. Her Paramount "race records" are now rare collectors' items. She was followed by no less than five famous Smiths, all Negroes: Clara—who was billed as the World's Greatest Moaner; Trixie, Laura, Mamie—first of her sex to record a typically Negroid popular song (it was Perry Bradford's *You Can't Keep a Good Man Down*); and the immortal Bessie, the Empress of the Blues. Bessie was fired from her first recording connection, with Harry Pace's Black Swan Company—in the midst of a job she forgot where she was and said: "Hol' on a moment while I spit." But Black Swan went broke, while Bessie, with Columbia, went on to fame though not to fortune. To-day, many years after the heyday of the five Smiths, they can fortunately still be heard from the old records, many of which, particularly those of Bessie, have been reissued by Columbia. (Editor's note, 1972: These songs can now be heard in even better fidelity on new long-playing records.)

Osceola and Berliana Blanks played a pioneer role in putting over *The Memphis Blues* as a song, starting in a cabaret on 105th Street, New York, and taking it all over the country; but it was Alice Leslie Carter who introduced *Memphis* to Broadway, in a rathskeller under the old Columbia Burlesque Theater. Irving C. Miller was much impressed with *Memphis* as sung by the Blanks girls; when *St. Louis* and *Yellow Dog* came along he not only took them around with his road show, but even carried a stock of sheet music for sale to his audiences. Ethel Waters, still fit and famous today, had much to do with making *St. Louis* known to New York. Alberta Hunter, one of the greatest of blues singers, introduced *Loveless Love* at the Dreamland Café in Chicago. Another blues-singing pioneer was the inimitable vaudevillian

known as String Beans, who improvised verses to his own blues tunes throughout his turn at the old Monogram Theater, a stand-by of Chicago Negroes. His "Elgin" song ended:

I was on that great *Titanic*
When it went down,
The people wondered
Why I didn't drown.
I had them Elgin movements in my hips—
Twenty years' guarantee!

For some reason his audience professed to hate him; they hissed him, but they always stayed rooted to their seats until his personal finale:

If anyone asks you, has String Beans been
along,
If anyone asks you, has String Beans been
along,—
Jus' tell 'em String Beans been here, done got
his, an' gone.

Dave Peyton, formerly musical editor of the *Chicago Defender*, transcribed innumerable blues from the folk-forms in which they had been sung by illiterate Negroes. Lovie Austin, herself an accomplished blues pianist, arranged String Beans' tunes for the Monogram orchestra, and performed the same function for Paramount's "race records" in the '20s. Two white brothers named Leighton arranged and published *Frankie and Johnny*, but most white singers were slow to recognize the uses of the blues. Blossom Seeley, however, sang Handy's *Hesitating Blues* in 1916; Gilda Grey and *Beale Street* helped make each other famous; and Marion Harris had the blues manner so much at her command that thousands of Negroes bought her records under the impression that she was one of them.

Although in recent years an increased interest in folk-song has helped bring the early blues to the attention of folklorists, comparatively few students were quick to note the place of blues in the picture. The Negro poet James Weldon Johnson was perhaps the first to call attention to the roots which Handy had uncovered (Johnson, with his brother Rosamund and Bob Cole, in the '90s and early 1900s formed a famous song-writing team, some of whose work,

by pure coincidence, appeared under the pen name "Will Handy"). Dorothy Scarborough and Carl Van Vechten also wrote enthusiastically about the blues more than twenty years ago, and a number of facts in this text were first set down in articles by Van Vechten which appeared in *Vanity Fair* in 1925 and '26.

As for the early Negro composers in the old tradition and the later ones of both races, their songs in this collection and the notes at the end of the volume will speak for them.

VI. INFLUENCE OF THE BLUES ON POPULAR SONGS

The popularity of the first published blues resulted at the outset in the borrowing of the magic name by various song writers; then they took up the jazz idea and the blue note. In a wholesale outburst of popular tunes, almost every Southern town was endowed—generally from New York—with its own private blues. By 1915 the supply of near-by geography had dwindled, and the expeditionary forces had reached the Far East.

By 1919 a clever white parody was ready to take its place as the dirge for legal liquor, and on the last night in January of that year it could be heard in many a barroom throughout the land. It complained, "I've got the alcoholic blues."

The Old World was soon made aware of the new musical style. In 1917, Jim Europe, with his 369th Infantry Band and Handy's earliest songs, went to France and indoctrinated the natives. France in particular has remained an enthusiastic audience for Negro blues and jazz musicians; and various modern European composers have made use of the idiom, with varying degrees of understanding: Honegger, Stravinsky, Wiener (who published avowed "blues"), and Milhaud, to whom, according to the French critic Robert Goffin, Handy's *Aunt Hagar* was of "tremendous service" in the writing of his *Creation of the World*.

The blues spirit appealed to each of the three leading white song writers of the period following the publication of Handy's first tunes: Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and Jerome





Kern. In 1920, Kern copyrighted the *Left-Along-Again Blues* (his lyricist, Anne Caldwell, thus starting the fashion of lengthy, explicit titles), and in the following year the *Blue Danube Blues*. He lent us the first of these for the original edition of this book (his death deprives us now). He later used the classical blues form as the verse to *Can't Help Lovin' That Man* (*Show Boat*), perhaps the only such example ever published by a white composer. Among Irving Berlin's early contributions were the *Schoolhouse Blues* and *Tokio Blues*. As to Gershwin, more hereafter.

A few American composers then attempted "symphonic" treatments of blues themes. John Alden Carpenter included a *Katnip Blues* in his *Krazy Kat Ballet* of 1924. Late in 1925 Harry Yerkes' orchestra performed, at New York's Carnegie Hall, nothing less than a symphony in four movements, Alberte Chiaffarelli's *Jazz America*, based entirely on the *Beale Street, St. Louis*, and—oddly enough—the British *Limehouse Blues*. (Handy has published the *St. Louis* movement as *Blue Destiny*.) But the only long compositions in this category

that have achieved the first rank of popularity are George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, *Concerto in F*, and *An American in Paris*.

Between then and now there have been many tunes bearing—and some deserving—the name "blues," but far more significant than the label has been the lasting, over-all effect of Handy's work on American popular music. Before Handy, American popular song had periodically benefited, or even been rescued from the doldrums, by Afro-American inspirations, which white composers or lyric writers had been able to borrow and adapt with much facility. It is a hackneyed Southern white saying that the Negro is "just like a monkey" (*i.e.*, an imitator), but it is the whites themselves who have filled the books with their imitations of Negro song and dialect. Indeed, the stimulating and improving effect of Negro talk, dance, and song upon the work of American whites (even if devoted to deriding their source) has been an extraordinary and a long-term phenomenon. It was apparent in Micah Hawkins' dialect songs of the 1820s, with *Jump Jim Crow* of 1830, in *Old Zip Coon* (*Turkey in the*

Straw) of 1834, in the minstrel songs of the '40s, which culminated in the inspired and original work of the white Stephen Foster in the lyrical plantation-song manner, and in the stirring dialect songs of the '60s, *Dixie* and *Kingdom Comin'*. There had apparently also been a reverse contribution of form and verbal expressions—by the white camp-meeting hymns to the Negro spirituals. But the evidence that the loan involved the melodies themselves to any appreciable extent is not convincing. Meanwhile the Negro spiritual tunes were finding their way into the product of white commercial song writers, who had a ready source at hand after the publication of W. F. Allen's pioneer volume, *Slave Songs of the United States*. It was not until the '80s that the Negro came into a position to sell his own music: such songs (in the very tradition of *Zip Coon* and *Dixie*) as James Bland's *Golden Slippers* and (in the best "plantation" vein) his *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny*, which is now the official state song. By the '90s we had the "coon songs," early in this century, "ragtime," and we were already on the threshold of blues and jazz.

All this time, however, instrumentation had been backward—the air was almost the whole thing, the accompaniment mere strumming. In the early 1900s the piano, at least, was rescued from its lowly condition—again by a Negro, the gifted and unfortunate Scott Joplin. Like many innovators of popular and profitable musical forms, he lived in poverty, and died insane. But he ushered in a new order—that of the brilliant and difficult instrumental exercises, the "rags," such as his own *Maple Leaf Rag*, prototype of the white Zez Confrey's *Kitten on the Keys*. Irving Berlin's first great triumph was, of course, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, which appeared between the writing and the first publication of *Memphis Blues*. But when the blues finally burst into the dance hall, they found themselves part of a world of popular music which shared a common characteristic and a common weakness: it was almost all emotionally one-sided. The *Ragtime Band* was all jubilation; the descendants of the "coon songs" were all animal spirits; the "ballads" all syrup or all lugubriousness.

Memphis Blues had a new and subtler essence; it was two-sided and, therefore, disturbing. As a campaign song, it had enthusiasm and exuberance, but there was also an undertone of dissent. It suggested convincingly, without words, that one certainly must vote for Mr. Crump; but it definitely withheld any guarantee that Mr. Crump was infallible, and it could even have been hinting that the things which were not so hot then might not be too different after his election. It had a tone, not of weak despondency or shallow cuteness, but of the mocking, ironic, or defiant discontent of the old folk-blues. It is this undertone, whether represented by the blue note or any other device, that has crept into our popular music, has enriched and still enriches it, transforming it at times from the expression of one of many superficial emotions to something of deeper and more lasting value.

The real twelve-bar blues are still produced in a steady stream, mostly for the phonograph records, but they are still practically a Negro monopoly. It is in the so-called "blues song" (*i.e.*, in free form but with a liberal admixture of blues philosophy or musical tricks) that the whites enter the competition, and in their work the blue content may vary all the way down to a trace.

Among the leaders, George Gershwin, an acknowledged devotee of the blues and admirer of Handy, had too many kinds of things to say to confine himself to blues language, but it speaks strongly in his long orchestral pieces and his piano preludes as well as in *Porgy and Bess* and the one-act tragedy *135th Street*. In his songs it can be heard most clearly in the more emotional examples (*The Man I Love*, *Soon*), but it may crop out anywhere in a phrase or a note (*Somebody Loves Me*, *Stairway to Paradise*, *How Long Has This Been Going On*, *Sam and Delilah*, *Lady Be Good*). He felt a special affinity for the flatted seventh and was ingenuously proud of having led off with that tone in *Nashville Nightingale*, and he wrote a yet unpublished *Blues in Two Keys* which I should like to see.

Cole Porter's sophisticated and polished creations are out of touch with the blues spirit, but

he too can use their tricks, or adapt them to his own flavor: *What Is This Thing Called Love*, *I Love You, Too Darned Hot*, and the strange minor-major ambiguities of *I'm Unlucky at Gambling*. Berlin, most versatile of song writers, dips in at will (*Pack Up Your Sins*, and the Afro-Russian *Miss Lonely Hearts*) and out again. Richard Rodgers very perfectly conveys the wide range of what he has to say with less borrowed accent, blues or otherwise, than would seem possible. The blues can't claim him. Arthur Schwartz can ignore the blues and go back through the *Dixie* vein to Scotland for a rousing Negro chorus (*Louisiana Hayride*), or he can use a blue note or so to flavor a torch song—*Can't We Be Friends?*

Three white men of extraordinary talent—in words, music, and performance alike—are all more or less saturated with blue. These are Willard Robison (*The Devil Is Afraid of Music*, *'Tain't So Honey 'Taint So*, *Lazy Levee Loungers*), Hoagy Carmichael (*Washboard Blues*, *Rockin' Chair*, *Lazy Bones*—the last written with Mercer), and Johnny Mercer (*Blues in the Night* and *Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive* with Harold Arlen, *G.I. Jive*, and many others). As for Arlen himself as a composer, his blue may sometimes be vivid, as in *Stormy Weather*, or it may be a mere tinge in the most delicate of tunes (*Ill Wind*, *Fun to Be Fooled*), as it is also in Vernon Duke's *April in Paris*.

There has, of course, always been a plentiful miscellany, of both white and colored origin, down through the years: such songs as *Am I Blue*, *Black and Blue*, *Ain't Misbehavin'* (best known of several by the great jazz pianist and singer, "Fats" Waller), *Sugar*, *Underneath the Harlem Moon*, etc. The "swing" era produced blues-tinged tunes like *Christopher Columbus*, *Organ Grinder's Swing*, *The Jumpin' Jive*, *The Dipsy Doodle*; and the hits of the World War II period included such as *Shoo-Shoo Baby* and *Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet*.

Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, and Cab Calloway have created more that is in the blues tradition on phonograph records than in print, though Basie and

Calloway are credited with distinctive published works as well. Since the late '20s that giant of the piano, orchestral effect, and composition, Duke Ellington, has remained a significant figure. Since his recorded works are so numerous, any interested person will have no difficulty in acquainting himself with Ellington's music.

A word as to Paul Whiteman. From the number of pages indexed to his name in almost any book on hot jazz one may know in advance how often he has been insulted in the text. I, too, do not particularly care for "sweet jazz," yet I should like to risk the scorn of partisans by testifying that Whiteman has quite a band, that it took courage and ability first to perform the Gershwin *Rhapsody in Blue* and *Concerto in F* (as it did for Damrosch to introduce *An American in Paris*), and that Whiteman tided things over from the first shock of "Dixieland" until the public was tough enough to take its hot jazz neat.

Handy himself, in all this time, has ranged little further afield from the genuine blues than to the spirituals, which he remembers from his youth and preserves in arrangements and orchestrations. He has, in short, continued to speak his native language, and his work has thus not only kept its fascination for the "alien," but has been joyfully accepted by the rank and file of American Negroes, something which the white impressions of the Negro have always failed to achieve. He has never professed to "improve" the snatches of folk-song that appear here and there in his songs. If in fact his development of some overheard wail or musical ejaculation was an improvement, it carried on *in the original direction*—as any folk-singer of talent might have carried it on for the pleasure of his listeners. When he drew on his own ample fund of original melody, it was in the same vein; it was still Handy speaking for his race. So, his own people would accept his tunes, his verses, and promptly start in adding more verses for the tunes. So much of this took place, even in his first years of writing, that it would be impossible to place all those quoted in this book as pre- or post-Memphis. Some of them may be heard on the early "race records" or on their



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successors of today. Most or all of them were probably remembered by the singers rather than written to be sung; they are part of what is virtually a language by itself. To recognize it, see the verses of the old blues in this book. Handy's own lyrics are a prime example of this common speech; yet I have come to realize in more than one case over the years that some expression which he had always credited as from "folk" sources was of his own coinage—it was all the same to him.

One sad note as to the singing of blues and blues songs (and other songs) in these days: too many singers, like too many instrumentalists,

have succumbed to the delusion that what they must put over is themselves, and that the way to do that is to ignore the melody and substitute only their own improvised vocal meanderings. They didn't do this in Memphis, but it must be conceded to be a logical result of the Memphis jazz technique, as now applied by people with voices but without taste. For the brighter side, consider what someone with voice, invention, and taste, such as Maxine Sullivan, can do without any legitimate offense, by way of vocal jazz variations on Scotch folk-songs, and also listen to Benny Goodman's Victor record, *Mr. Bach Goes to Town*.



VII. THE BLUES AND RECENT JAZZ

On the subject of the influence of the blues, there remain to be considered the three main jazz waves that have reached us since the first edition of this book:

"Swing" is less a distinct method than a good trade-name which came to hand when, in the 1930s, hot jazz graduated from business school. The term is most useful to describe suspensions in form and rhythm, growing to build up a compression of excitement for effective release later. Top-flight musicians found a public eager to listen in on their jam sessions—previously conducted for fun, their "improvisations" (like the "sweet jazz" orchestrations of Whiteman) came often to be carefully tailored in advance. The most common product was a compromise between what the musicians liked to play and what the customers were strong enough to stand. More sophisticated rhythm instruments, politer hot choruses, a tap-tap beat: the blues influence was no stronger nor greatly diminished from what it had been, save that the blues are not polite.

By contrast, "boogie-woogie," which, after long incubation, came in with a roar a little later, from the springboard of an early record by "Pine Top" Smith (a Negro whose fame was posthumous), was almost pure blues: in the twelve-bar pattern and with the same three basic chords (see p. 19), but with a double beat ("eight to the bar"). This beat was given, against a syncopated treble, by a constantly repeated bass figure, or a "walking bass" as had been used as early as 1915 in Artie Mathews' *Weary Blues*. The bass might also be a modified tango figure, two to the bar comprising eight notes—as in *Yancey Special*. Boogie was primarily a glorification of honky-tonk blues piano jazz, its upper register a series of hot variations, full of the chirps of multiple grace notes or broken chords, creating often, with the *ostinato* bass, an exceedingly difficult rhythmical conflict. For this strenuous and exacting regime the best qualified performers seemed almost invariably to be powerful men,

cubical in form, and with two rolls to the back of the neck; anyone less might sound all right for a time but could not be depended on to last, for this was no boy's work. The most famous team was Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, and Meade (Lux) Lewis, working continuously, in shifts, at two uprights.

Swing was inclined to reject the unfortunate composer's tune but retain his harmonic scheme. The new "be-bop" (re-bop or bop), proclaimed as "progressive jazz," changes his harmony too, leaving—if anything—his title and phonograph royalties. The latest authoritative word on this, Leonard Feather's book *Inside Be-bop* (April, 1949), indicates that more than half the bop pieces written to date have been based on the chordal pattern of the blues, or of *I Got Rhythm*, *How High the Moon*, and a few other "standards." The original chords, however, are altered by inserting one or more discordant notes in each, as Stravinsky did—but better—in parts of *Petrouchka*. At that point the disappearance of the original composer's title and credit (and royalties as well) becomes logical, if not painless.

There are many other features to bop, which is written, rehearsed, and complex in its conventions. Most of these, however, such as the unresolved chromatic progressions of chords; the use of the voice, in nonsense syllables, to simulate instruments; intentionally misplaced beats and accents, etc., are not blues-born and hence not relevant to this book. It is interesting to note, though, the boppers' insistence on a flat-ted note—the fifth—and their passionate refusal to wind up on the common chord. Bop, according to its adherents, is not "hot" but "cool" jazz. While preserving an open mind and hoping for the promised progress, I cannot yet hear in bop any voice that seems—like the blues and the best hot jazz—somehow to speak of man's past or man's fate in man's accents, and I gravely fear that the be-bop school is off on a rather chilly detour.

Anyway—not to coin a phrase—it looks like the blues are here to stay.



COVARRUBIAS

THE BACKGROUND

TRAIN'S A-COMIN'

CAPO I E_b (D) $G7-5$ Cm A_b7 (F#7-5)(Bm) (G7) E_b (D) Arr. by W. C. HANDY

PIANO

CAPO I E_b (D)
VOICE *Con spirito*

E_b7 (D7)

1. Train's a - com-in', Train's a - com-in', Train's a - com-in', Train's a -
2. Better get read-y, Better get read-y, Better get read-y, Better get
3. Got my tick-et, Got my tick-et, Got my tick-et, Got my

A_b7 (G7)

E_b (D)

E_b (D)
Last Verse

com - in', Train's a - com - in'.
read - y, Better get read - y.
tick - et, Got my tick - et.

John de Bun - yan, John de

Bun - yan, John de Bun - yan, John de Bun - yan, John de Bun - yan.

$G7-5$ Cm A_b7 (F#7-5)(Bm) (G7) E_b (D)

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LET US CHEER THE WEARY TRAVELLER

Arr. by W.C. HANDY

VOICE

G7 C F G7 C dim G7 C F G7

Some - times I feel dis - cour - aged, I think my work in

PIANO

C7 F Fm6 C D7 G7 C Cm G7 C G7 C7 F G+7 Cm

vain, And — then the Ho - ly Spir - it re - vives my soul - a - gain.

CHORUS C C7 G7 Cm C6

Let us cheer the wear - y trav - el - ler, Cheer the wear - y trav - el - ler Let us

C7 G7 C Am7 F G7 C

cheer the wear - y trav - el - ler A - long the Heav - en - ly road.

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SOMEBODY'S WRONG ABOUT DIS BIBLE

Slowly $B\flat$ (A) Gm (F#m) D (C#) Gm (F#m) $C7$ (B7) $F7$ (E7) CAPO I $B\flat$ (A) Arr.by W.C. HANDY

Some - bod - y's wrong a -
 bout dis Bi - ble, I be - lieve, I be - lieve
 Some - bod - y's wrong a - bout dis Bi - ble, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.

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JOE JACOBS

(CAPO I) F (E) 6 Goin' o - ver Hanh! I mean goin' $C7$ (B7) F (E) Arr.by W.C. HANDY
 1 Joe Ja - cobs, I mean Joe Ja - cobs, I said Joe
 2 Killed Car - rie, He killed poor Car - rie, I said poor
 3 She was In - in', While she was In - in', I said was
 4 Says Sar - gent I said told Sar - gent I mean the
 5 I've mur - dered I mean done mur - dered, I said I've
 6 him o - ver Hanh! Lawd - y man Hanh! man
 1 Ja - cobs, Lawd - y man. man.
 2 Car - rie, Lawd - y man. man.
 3 In - in', Lawd - y man. man.
 4 Sar - gent Lawd - y man. man.
 5 mur - dered, Lawd - y man. man.

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GOIN' TO SEE MY SARAH

Dm

Gm Dm

Bb7 Dm

Arr. by W. C. HANDY

Male Voice

1. Goin' to see my Sa - rah, (Hanh) Hauh Lawd — (Hanh) Goin' to see my
2. White_ man, _ white man, (Hanh) Hauh Lawd — (Hanh) White_ man_

PIANO

Gm Dm

Bb7

A

Dm

Gm Dm

Bb7

Sa - rah, (Hanh) Hauh Lawd (Hanh) Goin' to see my- Sa - rah, (Hanh) No
White man, (Hanh) Hauh Lawd (Hanh) White_ man, _ white man, (Hanh) Can't

Dm

D7

Gm Dm

Bb7

Dm A7

Dm

fall - in' rain (Hanh) Goin' to see my Sa - rah see her fore the sun goes down. —
do like me (Hanh) I — work_ two days lay_ in the shan-ty three. —

Copyright 1926 by W. C. Handy

SAIL AWAY, LADIES

Arr. by W.C.HANDY

CAPO I

E♭
(D)

A♭
(G)

E♭
(D)

B♭7
(A7)

Sail a-way, La-dies, Sail a-way, Sail a-way, La-dies, Sail a-way. Nev-

Pat Foot Clap Hands Foot Hands *sempre*

E♭
(D)

E♭7
(D7)

A♭
(G)

E♭
(D)

B♭7
(A7)

E♭
(D)

- er mind what de sis - ters say, just shake your Dol-ly Var den and - sail a-way.

Copyright 1926 by W. C. Handy

COME ON, EPH!

Arr. by W.C. HANDY

C

Sing and shuffle as you walk clapping hands alternately on thighs

Come on Eph, Eph-fi-thu, Eph-fi-thum, E - ppf, Af - ppf,

Clap Hands Shuffle and scrape feet Step Scrape Step Scrape *sempre*

E - ppf, Af - ppf, E - fu-su, Af - e - su, E - nif, Eph, why don't you Come on Eph?

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JUBA

Arr. by W. C. HANDY

C Dm C G7 C Dm G7 C

Ju - ba dis an' Ju - ba dat, Ju ba killed a yel - low cat.
 Hands on legs Hand Clap on legs H.C. Legs H.C. H.C.

Pat Feet

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EAST ST. LOUIS

Arr. by W. C. HANDY

Bb7 Eb E dim
 CAPO I (A7) (D) (D# dim)

Walked all the way from — East — Saint — Louis, And I
 Ain't but the one thing — on my wor - ried mind, Had to

Bb F7 Bb F7
 (A) (E7) (A) (E7)

did - n't have but one poor Lous y-be dime.
 walk a - way and leave my gal — hind.

Over and over

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A TYPICAL STOMP

Arr. by W. C. Handy

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef joined by a brace. The notation includes various musical symbols such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and triplets. The first system shows a rhythmic pattern in the treble and a steady bass line. The second system introduces more complex chords and a triplet in the bass. The third system continues with intricate chordal textures. The fourth system features a series of chords in the treble and a more active bass line. The fifth system concludes with a double bar line and two first/second endings, marked with '1' and '2' above the staff.

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CARELESS LOVE

Arr. by
W. C. HANDY

CAPO I $A\flat$
(G)

$E\flat$
(D)

$A\flat$
(G)

PIANO

$A\flat$
(G)

$E\flat 7$
(D7)

$A\flat$
(G)

1. If I were a lit - tle bird, I'd fly from
2. When I wore my a - pron low, — When I

$E\flat$
(D)

$A\flat$
(G)

tree to — tree, I'd build my nest way
wore my a - pron low, — When I wore my

$D\flat$
(C)

$B\flat 7$
(A7)

$A\flat$
(G)

$E\flat 7$
(D7)

$A\flat$
(G)

up in the air, Where the bad boys could not bother me.
a - pron low, He — al - ways passed right by my door.

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Copyright renewed

CHORUS

$A\flat$ (G) $E\flat 7$ (D7) $A\flat$ (G)

1. Love, oh love, oh care-less love, _____
 2. Now I wear my a - pron high, _____ *8va*

$E\flat$ (D)

Love, oh love oh care-less love, _____ You've
 Now I wear my a - pron high, _____ *8va*

$D\flat$ (C)

broke the heart of a man - y poor girl, But you'll
 Now I wear _____ my a - pron high, And he

$A\flat$ (G) $E\flat 7$ (D7) $A\flat$ (G)

nev - er break this heart of mine. _____
 nev - er nev - er pass - es by. _____

ADDITIONAL CHORUSES FOR CARELESS LOVE
by MARTHA E. KOENIG and SPENCER WILLIAMS

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
You fly to the head like wine,
You've wrecked the life of many a poor gal,
And you nearly spoiled this life of mine.

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
In your clutches of desire,
You've made me break a many true vow,
Then you set my very soul on fire.

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
All my happiness bereft,
You've filled my heart with weary old blues,
Now I'm walkin' talkin' to myself.

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
Trusted you now it's too late,
You've made me throw my only friend down
That is why I sing this hymn of hate.

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
Night and day I weep and moan,
You brought the wrong man into my life,
For my sins till judgement I'll atone.

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
Here is all that I can say,
Just like a Gypsy I'm roamin' 'round,
And just can't keep the blues away.

Love, oh love, oh careless love,
Like a thief comes in the night,
You came into this glad heart of mine
Then you put my happiness to flight.

EVER AFTER ON

Arr. by
W. C. HANDY

CAPO I (A) B \flat 7 (A7) F (E) C7 (B7) F C7 (E)(B7) F (E)

PIANO

1. Late last night when my ba-by came home, I heard a might-y
 2. Bring me a pil-low for my poor head, A ham-mer for to
 3. Ver-y last words my moth-er said, Were, "Daughter don't you

knock-ing on my door, I was up in my stock-ing feet
 knock - out my brains, For whis-key has ru - ined this
 go a - stray," And if I had a - list-ened to

skip-ping cross the floor, Told him ba-by don't you knock no more.
 bod-y of mine, And the red lights have run me in - sane.
 what she said, I would not be here to - day.

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REFRAIN

F7 (E7) Bb (A) F (E) C dim (Bdim) C7 (B7)

But I'll love my ba - by till the sea_ runs dry, _ Till the rocks all dis-

solve by the sun, _ I'll love my ba - by till the day_ he dies, _ And

C7 (B7) F (E) F7 (E7) Bb (A) Bbm (Am)

ev - er af - ter on. _ Oh ain't it |

Lament ad lib.

(F) (E) C7 (B7) F (E) Bb (A)

hard, _ Oh ain't it hard, _ Oh

Bbm (Am) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E)

ain't it hard, Poor girl, To love a man that don't love you. _

VESTA AND MATTIE'S BLUES

Arr. by W. C. HANDY

VOICE

PIANO

C

1. I've got a bel-ly full o' whisk-ey an' a head full o' gin,— The
2. See pret-ty pa-pa, pret-ty pa-pa, look what you— done done, You
3. I love you pa-pa, pret-ty pa-pa, but your game's— too strong, I

C7

doc-tors say t'will kill me, but they don't say when,— I'm a
made your mam-ma love you, now your wom-an's come,— I'm a
had a lot of boot-ie, but the pan-ic's on,— I'm a

F C

long line skin-ner, an' my home's out west, Look-in'
long line skin-ner, an' my home's out west, Look-in'
long line skin-ner, an' my home's out west, Look-in'

G7 C

for a man to buy me a hob-ble dress.
for a man to buy me a hob-ble dress.
for a man to buy me a hob-ble dress.

R. H.

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GOT NO MO' HOME DAN A DOG

W. C. HANDY

CAPO I (D)

Bb7
(A7)

Eb
(D)

Bbm
(Am)

Ab
(G)

1st EXAMPLE Quartette

Got no mo' home dan a dog, Lawd, — Got no mo'

home dan a dog, Lawd, Got no mo' home dan a dog.

2nd EXAMPLE

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3rd EXAMPLE

First system of the 3rd example. The treble staff contains a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads, with some slurs. The bass staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and ties. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Second system of the 3rd example. The treble staff continues with chords, some with slurs. The bass staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The label "L. H." is written above the bass staff in the second measure. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Third system of the 3rd example. The treble staff shows chords and a final chord with a fermata. The bass staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The label "L. H." is written above the bass staff in the second measure, and "Ped." is written below the bass staff in the third measure. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

4th EXAMPLE

First system of the 4th example. The treble staff contains chords, some with slurs. The bass staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and ties. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Second system of the 4th example. The treble staff contains chords, some with slurs. The bass staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and ties. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a whole rest. The bass clef staff contains a continuous eighth-note melody. The key signature has two flats.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a whole note chord that is sustained across the measures. The bass clef staff continues with the eighth-note melody. The key signature has two flats.

5th EXAMPLE

Third system of musical notation, labeled "5th EXAMPLE". The treble clef staff has a melody with a "L.H." (Left Hand) annotation. The bass clef staff has a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a simple accompaniment. The key signature has two flats.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with some complex chords. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. The key signature has two flats.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melody with a first ending bracket labeled "1" and a second ending bracket labeled "2". The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. The key signature has two flats.

FRIENDLESS BLUES

Words by
MERCEDES GILBERT

Music by
W. C. HANDY

CAPO I $E\flat$ (D) $B\flat 7$ (A7) $E\flat$ (D) $E\flat 7$ (D7)

PIANO *mf*

$A\flat$ (G) $B\flat 7$ (A7) $E\flat$ (D)

$E\flat$ (D) $B\flat 7$ (A7) $E\flat$ (D)

VOICE $E\flat$ (D) $B\flat 7$ (A7) $E\flat$ (D) $E\flat 7$ (D7)

Feel so low - down an' sad, Lawd, _____

mf

$A\flat$ (G) $E\flat$ (D)

Feel so low - down an' sad, Lawd,

p

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Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb7 (D7)

Lost ev - 'ry - thing I ev - er had. Ain't got no

rit. *a tempo*

Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G)

friend no - where, Lawd, Ain't got no friend no -

Ab (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D7)

where, Lawd, All by my - self no one to care.

BLUES Eb (D) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) Abm (Gm) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) Abm (Gm) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb7 (D7)

1. I met a man in my own home town, in my own home town,
 2. I want to see that In-di-an Riv - er shore, In-di-an Riv - er shore,
 3. When I was home the door was nev - er closed, door was nev - er closed,
 4. 'Mem-ber the time when I was young an' gay, when I was young an' gay,

L.H.

Ab7 (G7) Eb (D) Ab7 (G7) Eb (D) Ebm (Dm)

I met a man in my own home town,
 I want to see that In-di-an Riv - er shore,
 When I was home the door was nev - er closed,
 'Mem-ber the time when I was young an' gay,

pp

Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Adim (G# dim) Ab7 (G7) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb+7 (A+7) 1st 2nd 3rd & 4th

Coxed me a - way — now — he has thrown me — down.
 If I get back — I'll — nev - er leave no — more.
 Where my home is now the good — Lawd — on - ly — knows.
 Had man - y friends — hang - ing 'round me ev - 'ry — day.

p *rit.* *dim.*

Eb (D) 5th, 6th Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) Abm (Gm) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) Abm (Am) Bb7 (A7) Eb7 (D7)

5. Mon - ey's all gone — I'm — so far — from home, I'm — so far — from home
 6. Har - lem men — won't — treat no — gal right, won't — treat no — gal right

Ab7 (G7) Eb (D) Ab7 (G7) Eb (D) Ebm (Dm)

Mon - ey's all gone — I'm so far from home, far from home,
 Har - lem men — won't treat no gal right, no gal right,

Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Adim (G# dim) Ab7 (G7) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7)

I just sit here — all a - lone and cry an' — moan, cry an' — moan.
 They make you work — all — day and fight all — night, fight all — night,

rit. *a tempo*

THE BLUES

THE MEMPHIS BLUES

Better known as
"MISTER CRUMP"

As played by
"HANDY AND HIS BAND"

Published by
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MEMPHIS, TENN.

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THE MEMPHIS BLUES

Tempo di Blues

By W. C. HANDY

CAPO I C7 (B7) F (E)

You want to

be my man, you got to give me for-ty dol-lars down.

You want to be my man, you'll give me for-ty dol-lars down.

If you don't be my man, your

ba-by's gon-na shake this town. You want to Mis-ter

F (E) F7 (E7) Bb (A) Bb m (Am)

F (E) Bb7 (A7) C7 (B7)

1 2

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C7 (B7) F (E)

ff Crump don't 'low_ no eas - y rid - ers here,
Crump don't 'low_ it, ain't goin' have it here,

C7 (B7)

ff Crump don't 'low_ no eas - y rid - ers
Crump don't 'low_ it, ain't goin' have it

A (G#) A7 (G#7) D7 (C#7)

here. here. We don't care_ what Mis-ter

G7 (F#7) *8va*

Crump don't 'low,_ We gon - na barl-house an - y how,_ Mis-ter

C7 (B7) *loco* F (E)

Crump don't 'low_ no and eas - y rid - ers here.
Crump can go_ no and catch his-self some

F
(E)

2

air.

C7
(B7)

F
(E)

I'm go-in'

Bb
(A)

mp

down the riv-er, go-in' down to the riv - er, goin'to take my rock-in' chair,

Bb7
(A7)

Eb
(D)

goin' to the riv - er, — goin' to take my rock-in'

Bb
(A)
legato

F7
(E7)

chair.

(The first jazz break)

Blues o-ver take me

Bb
(A)

goin' to rock a-way from here. *f* Oh de

Bb
(A7)

ff Mis - sis - sip - pi riv - er, Mis - sis - sip - pi riv - er

Eb
(D)

so deep an' wide, I said the Mis-sis - sip-pi

Bb
(A)

riv - er's so deep and wide. *legato*

F7
(E7)

Bb Bb7 Bbdim Ebm6 Bb
(A) (A7) (Adim) (Dm6) (A)

Man I love, he is on the oth-er side.

DALLAS BLUES

Words by
LLOYD GARRETT

Music by
HART A. WAND

Tempo di Blues (very slowly)

CAPO I

F7 (E7) Bb (A) F7 (E7) Bb (A)

Bb (A) F7 (E7) Bb (A)

1. When _____ your money's gone,
2. When _____ I got up north,

friends have turned you down, _____ And you wan - der 'round just like _____ a
clothes I had _____ to spare, _____ Sold 'em all to pay my rail - road

houn', _____ (a lone-some houn'), _____ Then you stop to say, _____ "Let me
fare, _____ (my rail-road fare), _____ Just to come back there _____ rid - ing

Bb (A) F7 (E7)

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RENEWED. USED BY PERMISSION.

go a-way from this old town _____ (this awful town)."
 in a Pull-man par-lor chair _____ (a par-lor chair).

There's _____ a place I know
 Sent _____ a tel-e-gram,

folks won't pass me by, _____
 this is what I said: _____

Dal-las, Tex-as, that's the town I cry! _____ (oh hear me cry)! _____ And I'm
 "Ba-by, bring a cold towel for my head _____ (my ach-ing head). _____ Got the

go-ing back, — go-ing back to stay there till I die _____ (un-til I die).
 Dal-las Blues, — and your lov-in' man is al-most dead _____ (is al-most dead).

CHORUS

B \flat B \flat dim F7 B \flat
(A)(A dim)(E7)(A)

F7
(E7)

B \flat
(A)

p-f

I've got the Dal - las Blues and the Main Street heart disease _____ (it's buz - zin'
I'm goin' to put my - self on a San - ta Fe and go _____ (I'm goin' to

p-f

B \flat 7
(A7)

E \flat
(D)

E \flat 7
(D7)

'round), _____ I've got the Dal - las Blues _ and the Main Street heart _ dis -
go), _____ I'm goin' to put my - self _ on a San - ta Fe _ and

B \flat
(A)

F7
(E7)

ease _____ (it's buz-zin' 'round), _____ Buz-zin' 'round my head _ like a
go _____ (I'm goin' to go) _____ To that 'Tex - as town _ where you

B \flat
(A)

F7
(E7)

B \flat
(A)

B \flat dim F7
(A dim)(E7)

B \flat
(A)

swarm of lit - tle hon - ey bees _____ (of hon - ey bees). I've got the bees). _ D.S.
nev - er see the ice and snow _____ (the ice and snow). I'm goin' to snow). _

DALLAS BLUES

Words by LLOYD GARRETT

Extra Choruses

I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
Maybe someone else stole the juicy peaches off my tree (right off my tree).

I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
It's the first time that blues have been a knockin' at my door (at my front door).

Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Leave her all alone till her lovin' heart get good and sore (gets good and sore).

THE JOGO BLUES

W. C. HANDY

Tempo di Rag (a la Memphis Blues)

PIANO

f

mf

Languidly

p

legato

1 2

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Con Spirito

ff

The first system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff features a series of eighth-note chords, with the first four measures grouped by a slur. The bass clef staff contains a sequence of eighth-note chords, also grouped by a slur. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

1

The second system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff continues with eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The bass clef staff features a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

2

mf

The third system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff features a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The bass clef staff contains a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

The fourth system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff features a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The bass clef staff contains a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

The fifth system of musical notation consists of five measures. The treble clef staff features a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The bass clef staff contains a sequence of eighth-note chords, with a first ending bracket over the final measure. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Brillante

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes and chords. The tempo is marked *Brillante*.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The right hand continues with intricate chordal patterns. The left hand features a prominent bass line with sustained notes. The system concludes with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand has a more active, moving line. The dynamic marking *pp dolce e espress.* (pianissimo, dolce, and espressivo) is present.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The right hand continues with a melodic line, and the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs. The left hand has a more active, moving line. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The right hand continues with a melodic line, and the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The music consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble staff features several accented chords. The bass staff includes a key signature change to one flat and contains sustained chords.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with accents. The bass staff continues with harmonic support, including some sustained notes.

Fourth system of musical notation, marked *Grandioso* and *ff* (fortissimo). The treble staff features dense, accented chords. The bass staff has a more active, moving line.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring an *loco* marking above the treble staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with an octave sign (*8*). The bass staff has sustained chords.

Sixth system of musical notation, concluding the page. The treble staff has a melodic line with accents. The bass staff has sustained chords.

ST. LOUIS BLUES

Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

Piano

Chords: Gm, Cm, D7, Gm, A7, D, D7, G, C, G, G7, C, G

1. I hate to see— de ev'-nin' sun go down, _____
 2. Been to de Gyp-sy to get ma for - tune tole, _____
 You ought to see— dat stove-pipe brown of mine, _____

Hate to see— de ev'-nin' sun go down, _____
 To de Gyp-sy done got ma for - tune tole, _____
 Lak he owns— de Di-mon Jos - eph line, _____

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'Cause ma ba-by, he done lef dis town.
'Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jel-ly Roll.
He'd make a cross-eyed 'o-man go stone blin'.

G7

C

G

G7

Feel-in' to-mor-row lak ah feel to-day,
Gyp-sy done tole me, "Don't you wear no black."
Black-er than mid-night, teeth lak flags of truce,

C

G

Feel to-mor-row lak ah feel to-day,
Yes she done tole me, "Don't you wear no black,
Black-est man in de whole St. Louis,

D7

G

I'll pack my trunk, make ma git-a-way. St. Lou-is
Go to St. Lou-is, You can win him back. Help me to
Black-er de ber-ry, sweet-er am de juice. A-bout a

Gm Cm C#dim D7

wo - man, — wid — her dia - mon' rings, — Pulls dai
 Cai - ro, — make St. Louis by ma - self, — Git to
 crap game, — he knows a pow'ful lot, — But when

Gm

man roun' — by her a - pron strings. — 'Twant for
 Cai - ro, — find ma ole friend Jeff. — Gwine to
 work-time comes, he's — on de dot. — Gwine to

Cm C#dim D7

pow - der — an' for store-bought hair, — De —
 pin ma - self close — to his side, — If ah
 ask him — for a cold ten - spot, — What it

Gm A7 D D7

man ah love — would not gone no - where, no - where. —
 flag his train, — I — sho' can ride. —
 takes to git it, he's — cer - t'nly got. —

CHORUS

G Gdim

G Gdim

G Gdim G Gdim

G C G C

1. Got de St. Lou-is Blues jes as blue as ah can be,
2. I loves dat man lak a school-boy loves his pie,
3. A black-head-ed gal makes a freight train jump the track,
4. Lawd, a blonde-head-ed wom-an makes a good man leave the town,
5. Oh ash-es to ash-es and dust to dust,

G7

C

Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea,
 Lak a Ken-tuck-y Col'-nel loves his mint an' rye,
 Said a black-head-ed gal makes a freight train jump the track,
 I said blonde-head-ed wom-an makes a good man leave the town,
 I said ash-es to ash-es and dust to dust,

G C G C G C G

D7

Or else he would - n't have gone so far from me.
 I'll love ma ba - by till the day ah die.
 But a long tall gal makes a preach-er ball the Jack.
 But a red-head wom-an makes a boy slap his pa - pa down.
 If my blues dont get you my jazz-ing must.

1. G

2. G

Spoken

Dog-gone-it!

YELLOW DOG BLUES

Moderato

Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

D D7 G G#dim D

D7 G7

Piano

mf

cresc.

p

pp

D

A7

D A7

D

D

A7

Voice

E'er since Miss
I know the

Till ready

ff

mp slowly

D

D7

D

D7

D

D7

Su - san John-son lost her Jock - ey, Lee, - There has been much ex - cite - ment,
Yel-low Dog Dis - trict - like a book, - In - deed I know the route that

more to be; -
Rid - er took,

You can hear her moan - ing night - and morn.
Ev - 'ry cross - tie bay - ou, burg - and bog.

D

G G7

G

G7

D

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Won-der where my Eas-y Rid-er's gone?
Way down where the South-ern cross' the Dog,

Ca-ble-grams come of sym-pa-thy— Tel-e-grams go of
Mon-ey don't zact-ly grow on trees, On cot-ton stalks it

in-qui-ry,— Let-ters come from down in "Bam"— And ev-'ry-where that
grows with ease;— No race horse, race track, no grand stand— Is like Old Beck an'

Un-cle Sam— Has e-ven a ru-ral de-liv-er-y.
Buck-shot land,— Down where the South-ern cross' the Dog.

A7 D G D

All day the phone rings — But — it's not for — me,
 Ev - e - ry kitch - en there is — a cab - a - ret,

cresc.

D7 G D

At last good ti - dings — fill — our hearts with glee,
 Down there the bol - weil works while - the farm - ers play,

cen do

E7 A

This mes - sage comes — from Ten - nes - see.
 This Yel - low Dog Blues the live - long day.

A E7 A7 Chorus D D7 G Bb7 D

Dear Sue, your Eas - y Rid - er struck this burg to - day, On a

cres cen do f mf

G G7 G G7 D A7

south-boun'ratt - ler side door Pull-man car. Seen him here,

p

D D7 *Spoken* A7 D Bb7 D

an he was on the hog. *The smoke was broke,
no joke, not a jitney on him* Eas - y rid-er's got a stay a-

cresc. - en - do - f

D7 G

way, so he had to vamp it but the hike aint far. He's

p cresc.

A7 D A7 D A E7 A7 D A7 D

gone where the South-ern 'cross' the Yel-low Dog. Dear Sue your

mp

1 2

GOLDEN BROWN BLUES

Words by
LANGSTON HUGHES

Respectfully dedicated to Madame Mamie Hightower

Music by
W. C. HANDY

Not too fast

C7 F Bb7 C+7 F C7 F

Music notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The introduction includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff and a series of chords in the bass staff. The chords are labeled C7, F, Bb7, C+7, F, C7, and F.

Voice with spirit

C#dim D7 D7

Till ready

Male version: Hear me, boys, Hear me, boys,
Female version: List-en here, List-en here,

Music notation for the first verse, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The music includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The chords are labeled C#dim, D7, and D7. The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The music includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass staff and a series of chords in the treble staff. The chords are labeled C#dim, D7, and D7.

G7

Tell you all_ 'bout it, Mem-ph'is town, Mem-ph'is town, I sho' must shout it!
All you good_ wom-en, Bet-ter watch, Bet-ter watch, How you all's_com-in',

Music notation for the second verse, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The music includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The chords are labeled G7. The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The music includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass staff and a series of chords in the treble staff. The chords are labeled G7.

C7 F

Aint no one girl, _ in this world_ like the one_ there I found.
A bran new brown, has come 'round_ doin' her stuff_ in this town.

Music notation for the third verse, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The music includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The chords are labeled C7 and F. The tempo is marked 'Not too fast'. The music includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass staff and a series of chords in the treble staff. The chords are labeled C7 and F.

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E♭ dim D7

G7

Dus-ky eyes — tan-tal-ize, Hair just like — Mo-ses, Fin-ger tips, sug-ar lips,
Watch your man — un-der-stand? All the men's rav-in', Bet-ter see — 'me-diat-ly

C7

F

A7

sweet as red ros-es, Ma Beale street Mammas some charm-er, Ma sweet Gold-en Brown,
that he's be-hav-in', Man in the moon — in a swoon — fell for this Gold-en Brown.

Dm

1. Male: If I hits the num - bers, — hits the num - bers, — I am tell - in' —
Female: Got a dog in my — yard, — dog in my — yard, — C'na-ry in — my —
2. Male: Yes a Gold - en Brown, — Gold - en Brown, — Wom - an's just — like —
Female: Lions in the Jung - le, — in the Jung - le, — Sea - lions in — the —
3. Male: A — Gold - en Brown, — Gold - en Brown, Is — just like sweet — po -
Female: Ash - es to ash - es, — Ash - es to ash - es, — Dust to dust, — right —

Gm D7

Gm

B♭7

you the facts. If I hits the num - bers, — hits the num - bers, —
Cna - ry cage. Dog — in my back - yard, — in my back yard, —
Span - ish wine. Yes a Gold - en Brown, — Gold - en Brown, —
deep blue sea. Lions — in the Jung - le, — in the Jung - le, —
ta - to pie. Yes, a Gold - en Brown, — Gold - en Brown, —
down to dust. Ash - es to ash, - es, — Ash - es to ash - es, —

F Bb F Fm C7

(M) I am tell - in' you the facts, Gon - na get a Gold - en -
 (F) C'na - ry in my cha - ry cage, Cause this Gold - en Brown
 (M) Wom - ans just like Span-ish wine, Goes right to your head,
 (F) Sea - lions in the deep blue sea, But it ain't no lion
 (M) Just like sweet po - ta - to pie, Aint no oth - er Brown
 (F) Dust to dust, right down to dust, Gold - en Brown done got him,

F A7

1st time

(M) Brown with my in - come tax.
 (F) sho' is all the
 (M) and nev - er leaves your
 (F) that is wor - ry - in'
 (M) that can sat - is -
 (F) an' I'm bound to

F Fdim Db7 C7 F A7 F Bb7 C+7 F C7 F

2nd and all but last Chorus *last time*

(M) rage.
 (F) mind.
 (M) me.
 (F) fy.

rust. LH

BREAK *8va* Dm *Loco* Bb7 C7 F

STINGAREE BLUES

(A Down Home Blues)

Words and Music by
CLINTON A. KEMP

Slowly

CAPO III F7 (D7) Bb (G) F7 (D7)

PIANO

Bb (G) F+7 (D+7) Bb (G) G7 (E7) C7 (A7) F7 (D7)

Vamp
pp

VOICE G7 (E7) C7 (A7)

I feel so sad - to - day My man has gone - a - way
I tried to treat - him right I kissed him ev - 'ry day

F7 (D7) Bb (G)

My heart is full - of - pain.
But it was all - in - vain.

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G7 (E7) C7 (A7)

He was so good_ to me, Sweet Pa - pa Sting - a - ree,
 He gave the blues_ to me, Sweet Pa - pa Sting - a - ree,

F7 (D7) Bb (G)

I want him back_ a gain. I've got those
 I love him just_ the same. I've got those

C7 (A7) F7 (D7)

lov - ing blues, — dy - ing blues, —
 cry - in' blues, — sigh - in' blues, —

C7 (A7) Ebm6 (Cm6) F7 (D7) C7-5 (A7-5) F7 (D7)

for Sweet Pa - pa Sting - a - ree. —
 for Sweet Pa - pa Sting - a - ree. —

CHORUS

Bb7

(G7)

Woke up this morn-in' woke up this morn-in', Heard some-bod-y call-in'
Blues in the bot-tle Blues in the bot-tle, I've got stop-pers in my

Eb7

(C7)

Ebm

(Cm)

Bbm

(Gm)

F7

(D7)

me, Sweet Ma-ma, woke up this morn-in', Heard some-bod-y call-in'
hand, Sweet Ma-ma, Blues in the bot-tle, I've got stop-pers in my

Bb

(G)

F7

(D7)

me. _____ It must have been my
hand. _____ Blues in the bot-tle

Bb

(G)

Eb

(C)

Bb

(G)

F+7

(D+7)

Bb

(G)

F+7

(D+7)

Bb

(G)

Sweet Pa-pa Sting-a-ree _____
blues for my lov-in' man _____

THE FLORIDA BLUES

Words by
DAVE HOFFMAN and
ARTHUR NEALE

Music by
W^m KING PHILLIPS
Rearranged by W.C. Handy

Moderato

C F C G7 C

C F G7

Till Ready

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

VOICE

C C7 F F7 C

I'm un-hap-py, so un-hap-py, I feel so sad and blue, I'm com-ing back to you,

The first vocal line is set against piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *mf*, *cresc*, *f*, and *p*.

F

C

C#dim

Trop-i-cal Land, — Just wait-till I get back to your shore. I'm gon-na

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc* marking and a *f* dynamic. The right hand has a more active melody, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

G7

E7

Am

G7

C

Ab7

G7

feel so grand, I know I'll nev-er leave you an-y more, I've learned my bit-ter les-son,

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure, featuring various chords and a consistent bass line.

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C C7 F F7 C

I'm so wea-ry, Life seems drear-y, Why did I go_ a-way? I used to be_ so gay

F C C#dim

There'll come a day! — Oh Lawd-y Lawd how hap-py I'll be, — Down home in

G7 E7 Am G7 C G7

Flor - i - da, — that's Par - a - dise on earth to me. — Oh Gee but

REFRAIN

C

Ev-'ry time I think a-bout all the joys I've been with-out, Then I get the Flor-i-da
gva..... loco

F C

Blues, Back in that hap-py clime, was hap-py all the time, But since I've been a-way,

8va

G7

The skies have been so gray, I miss my sweet-ie there, And friends who real - ly care

8va *loco* *8va*

C A^b7 G7 C

I'm so blue, - No use de - ny - ing, - I look gloom-y all the while,

loco

Do my ver - y best to smile, But I must ad - mit it's no use.

F C

All night I can-not sleep I lay a-wake and weep, and wish that I could be

8va

G7

with those so dear to me Oh Gee I feel so sad I could be feel-ing glad

8va 8va

C G7 C CHANT

If I'd lose these Flor-i - da Blues All the world seems sad and drear-y

8va

C7 F C

ev ry where I roam, And my heart has grown so wea-ry far from

8

C#dim G7 C#dim G7 F C

home, Swan-ee Riv-er, Swan-ee, Here I come.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song, likely a blues or folk tune. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Chord markings (F, C, G7, C7, C#dim) are placed above the piano part. Dynamic markings like '8va' (octave up) are used for some piano parts. The tempo or style is indicated by a 'CHANT' marking. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 7/8. The lyrics tell a story of longing and homesickness, mentioning 'Flor-i - da Blues' and 'Swanee River'.

THE HESITATING BLUES

Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

Moderato

CAPO I

Piano *f*

Till ready *mf*

VOICE

Hel - lo Cen - tral, what's the
Sun - day night my beau pro -
mat - ter with this line?
posed - to - me; I want to talk - to that -
Said he'd be hap - py if his

High Brown of mine, - Tell me how long will - I have to
wif - ie I'd be, - Said he "How long will - I have to

Chords: C7 (B7), F (E), C7 (B7), F F7 Fdim Bbm6 (E E7 E dim Am6), F C7 F (E B7 E), F dim (E dim), F (E), C7 (B7), F dim (E dim), F (E), F dim (E dim), F (E), C#dim (C.dim), Dm (C#m), Bb (A)

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F (E) C7 G7 C7 F C7 (B7) (F#7) (B7) (E) (B7)

wait? Please give me 2 9 8, - Why do you hes - i -
wait? Come be my wife my Kate, - Why do you hes - i -

F (E) F7 (E7) F dim (E dim) Bbm6 (Am6) C7 (B7) F (E) Bb (A) F (E)

tate? _____ What you say, can't
tate? _____ I de - clined him

Bb (A) F (E) Bb (A) F (E) C#dim (C dim) Dm (C#m) F7 (E7)

talk to my Brown! - A storm last night, blowed the wires all down; - Tell me
just for a stall, He left that night on the Can - non Ball; - Hon - ey,

Bb (A) F (E)

how long will I have to wait?
how long will I have to wait?

C7 G7 C7 F C7 F F7 dim F Bbm6 F C7 F
 (B7) (F#7) (B7) (E) (B7) (E E7 dim Am6 E B7 E)

Oh, won't you tell me now, — Why do you hes - i - tate?
 Will — he come back now, — Or will he hes - i - tate?

Chorus Bb
 (A)

"Pro-cras - ti - na - tion is the thief of time," So all the wise owls

Bb7 Eb
 (A7) (D)

say, — "One stitch in time may save nine,"

Bb F7
 (A) (E7)

To - mor - row's not to - day, And if you put off,

B \flat
(A)

Some-bod-y's bound to lose, I'd be his,

B \flat 7
(A7) E \flat
(D)

he'd be mine,— And I'd be feel - ing gay, Left a-lone

B \flat
(A)

to grieve and pine, My best friend's gone a - way, He's gone and

F7
(E7) B \flat
(A) F7 B \flat
(E7) (A) %

left me The Hes - i - tat - ing Blues. *D. S.*

JOE TURNER BLUES

W. C. HANDY

B \flat E \flat B \flat dim B \flat
CAPO I (A) (D) (A dim)(A)

PIANO

VOICE *Slowly*

B \flat (A) E \flat F7 B \flat (D) (E7) (A) B \flat 7 (A7) E \flat (D)

1. You'll nev - er miss the wa - ter till your well runs
2. I bought a bull - dog for to watch you while you
3. Some-times I feel like noth-in', some-thin' throwed a -

B \flat (A) B \flat 7 (A7) E \flat (D)

dry, _____ Till your well runs dry. _____
sleep, _____ Guard you while you sleep. _____
way, _____ Some - thin' throwed a - way. _____

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F7
(E7)

You'll nev - er miss Joe Tur - ner till he says "Good -
Spent all my mon - ey, now you call Joe Tur - ner
And then I get my gui - tar, play the blues all

Bye."
"Cheap."
day.

Sweet Babe, I'm goin' to leave you,
You nev - er 'pre - ci - ate the
Now if your heart beat like mine

and the time ain't long,
lit - tle things I do,
it's not made of steel,

No, the time ain't long. If you don't
Not one thing I do. And that's the
No, tain't made of steel. And when you

F7 (E7) Bb (A) Tacet

b'lieve I'm leav-in', count the days I'm gone. You will be
 ver - y rea - son why I'm leav - in' you. You will be
 learn I left you this is how you'll feel. You will feel

CHORUS Eb

(D) Humming

sor - ry, be sor - ry from — your — heart, (uhm) —

Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) Eb (D) Humming

(uhm) — Sor - ry to your — heart, (uhm) —

Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7)

(uhm) — Some day when you and — I must — part. —

E^b Tacet

(D)

— And ev - 'ry time you — hear a whis - tle —

E^b7
(D7)

A^b
(G)

blow, — Hear a —

E^b
(D)

B^b7
(A7)

steam - boat — blow, — You'll hate the

E^b
(D)

day you — lost your — Joe. — You will be —

THE SNAKEY BLUES

WILL NASH

The musical score for "The Snakey Blues" is written for piano and guitar in 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked "Slow" and "mf Lutoso", featuring a guitar solo with a five-measure rest. The second system continues the piano introduction with a piano (p) section. The third system marks the beginning of the first ending, indicated by a bracket and the number "1", with a "dim." (diminuendo) instruction. The fourth system marks the beginning of the second ending, indicated by a bracket and the number "2", also with a "dim." instruction, followed by a piano (p) section. The score concludes with a double bar line.

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2d time 8va

Legato con grazia *mf*

R. H. *ff* R.H.

Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. *

R.H.

Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. *

R.H.

Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. *

R. H.

Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. * Tw. *

1 2

"THE BLUES" in Thirds

p Amoroſo dolce legato

First system of musical notation, piano accompaniment. The treble clef staff contains a complex melodic line with many accidentals (sharps and flats) and slurs. The bass clef staff contains a simpler accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, piano accompaniment. It continues the melodic and harmonic development from the first system, ending with a double bar line and first/second endings.

FARE THEE

Third system of musical notation, piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *Lutoso* is present. The system begins with a repeat sign and continues with the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano accompaniment. The melodic line in the treble clef continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Fifth system of musical notation, piano accompaniment. This system continues the accompaniment for the 'FARE THEE' section.

Sixth system of musical notation, piano accompaniment. It includes first and second endings, with the marking *L.H.* (Left Hand) appearing in the bass clef staff. The system concludes with a final cadence.

WALL STREET BLUES

Words by
MARGARET GREGORY
and W. C. HANDY

*The Author acknowledges here extra stanzas contributed
by Spencer Williams, E. Abbe Niles and Arthur Neale.*

Music by
W. C. HANDY

CAPO I $Bb7$ (A7) F $F7$ Bb $Bbm6$ F $C7$ F
(E) (E7) (A) (Am6)(E) (B7) (E)

Piano *mf*

F (E) F dim (E dim) $C7$ (B7) Voice F (E)
I can sing the blues

mp

F dim (E dim) $Bb7$ (A7) F Bb (E) (A) F Bb (E) (A) F $C7$ (E) (B7) F (E) Bb (A)
from the bot-tom of my heart, I can sing the blues

f

$Bb7$ (A7) F (E) $C7$ (B7)
from the bot-tom of my heart, All my profits gone

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F Fm C7 F
 (E) (Em) (B7) (E)

'fore I ev-en got a start. Nev-er had the blues

F dim Bb7 F Bb F Bb F Bb
 (E dim) (A7) (E) (A) (E) (A) (E) (A)

like the blues I'm blue with now, Nev-er had the blues

Bb7 F C7
 (A7) (E) (B7)

like the blues I'm blue with now, Oh! what I re-call

F C7 F A7
 (E) (B7) (E) (G#7)

of the street called Wall and how! Wail - ing

Dm (C#m) Gm7 (F#m7) A+7 (G+7) Dm (C#m)

Wall, Oh Je - ru - sa - lem! There's one in New York too,

F dim (E dim) E7 (Eb7) Am (Abm) C7 (B7)

Where I got a whal-in', Now I'm ail-in', Wail-in' 'Cause I'm blue.

Patter F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) A7 (G#7) Dm F7 (C#m)(E7)

Marg-incall-in' brok-ers, miles of tick-er tape, Got a man-y poor old sap-head wear-in' crepe,

Bb7 (A7) F (E) F# dim (F dim)

Wail-in' Wall Street, I just can't en - thuse,

C7 F#dim C7 Gm7 C7 F F7 Bb Bbm6 F C7 F
 (B7)(Fdim)(B7)(F#m7) (B7) (E) (E7) (A) (Am6) (E) (B7) (E)

Boo-hoo-hoo - in', I've got the Wall Street Blues.

Repeat Patter ad lib. for extra lines

Blues F C7 F
 (E) (B7) (E)

More mar - gin that's the brok-er's call,
 Oh Wall Street you've got me de - pressed,

Bb Bbm6 F F# dim
 (A) (Am 6) (E) (F dim)

More mar - gin, I can't meet his call, No more
 Down-heart - ed, you can guess the rest, Riv - er's

C7 F C7 F C7 F
 (B7) (E) (B7) (E) (B7) (E)

mar gin, Now he's got it all.
 East end, Graveyard's at the west.

Repeat this blue refrain

“Wall Street Blues”

Extra Verses to Patter

I used to be a bull, wolves got me there,
Now I'm just a little sheep without no hair,
Wailin' Wall Street, My bugaboos,
Bears done got me bleatin' Wall Street Blues.

Limousines I wanted, Fords I viewed with scorn,
Temper Lawd the breezes to a lamb that's shorn,
Wailin' Wall Street I'm on P's and Q's,
'Cause you've got me singin' Wall Street Blues.

I bought Hudson River, thought I was all set,
Went in high and dry and came out all wet,
Wailin' Wall Street I soaked my shoes,
Deep divin' got me the Wall Street Blues.

You buy this hot tip Central Park and then,
In at fifty-nine out at hundred ten,
Wailin' Wall Street I just cant refuse,
Stock exchanged me, I've got the Wall Street Blues.

Weepin' and Wailin' I'm on my last leg,
Done killed the goose that laid the golden egg,
Wailin' Wall Street if you win you lose,
I've been gold-bricked, I've got the Wall Street Blues.

Bought Gobel's hot dogs low at thirty-two,
Turned to be baloney like all sausage do,
Wailin' Wall Street wieners I would choose,
Now I'm skinned I've got the Wall Street Blues.

Catch Lines

Bought a lot of Simmons Bed and put it in a trunk,
When I took another look it turned out to be the hunk.
Wailin' Wall Street etc.

Advance Rumely retreated, though I can't see how,
And General Motors is a private now.
Wailin' Wall Street etc.

There's static in the Radio, Atlas Powder has exploded,
I'd have kept away from Remington Arms,
If I'd thought that it was loaded.
Wailin' Wall Street etc.

Got a wad of Beechnut- it's sticking to my shoes,
Went to see my uncle, got the Hocking Valley Blues.
Wailin' Wall Street etc.

'Twas a sorry day for me when Eastern States went West,
The bears pressed the button, Eastman Kodak did the rest.
Wailin' Wall Street etc.

BEALE STREET BLUES

W. C. HANDY

Moderato

CAPO I

B \flat B \flat 7 E \flat E dim G \flat 7 B \flat F7 B \flat
(A) (A7) (D) D \sharp dim F7 (A) (E7) (A)

Till ready I've seen the

lights of gay Broad-way, Old Mar-ket

Street down by the Fris-co Bay, I've strolled the

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B \flat (A) E \flat B \flat F7 B \flat (D) (A) (E7) (A)

1. You'll see pret - ty Browns in beau - ti - ful gowns, You'll see tail - or - mades and
 2. You'll see Hog - Nose res - trants and Chit - lin' Ca - fés, You'll see Jugs that tell of
 3. If Beale Street could talk, If Beale Street could talk, Mar - ried men would have to take their

F C7 F F+ B \flat B \flat 7 E \flat E dim G \flat 7
 (E) (B7) (E) (E+) (A) (A7) (D) (D \sharp dim) (F7)

hand - me - downs You'll meet hon - est men - and pick - pock - ets skilled, You'll find that
 by - gone days, And plac - es, once plac - es, now just a sham, You'll see -
 beds and walk, Ex - cept - one or - two, who nev - er drink - booze, And the

B \flat (A) F7 (E7)

bus - 'ness nev - er clos - es till some - bod - y gets - killed.
 Gold - en Balls e - nough to pave the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
 blind man on the cor - ner who - sings the Beale Street Blues.

Beale Street Blues E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat E \flat 7
 (D) (A7) (D) (D7)

I'd rath - er be here - than an - y place I know, I'd rath - er

Ab (G) Eb (D) C7 (B7) Bb7 (A7)
 be here_ than an-y place I know_ It's goin' to take the Sar-gent
 For_ to make me go, _ Goin' to the ri-ver, _ May - be, bye and
 bye, _ Goin' to the ri-ver, _ and there's a rea-son why, _
 _ Be-cause the ri-ver's wet, _ And Beale Street's done gone dry. _

TISHOMINGO BLUES

Words and Music by
SPENCER WILLIAMS

Moderato

G D7 C#dim D7 G D7 G G E7 D7

f *mf* *mp*

G E D7 G7

Oh Mis-si-sip-pi, Oh Mis-si-sip-pi, My heart cries out for you in sad-ness,
To-night I'm pray-in', To-night I'm say-in', Oh Lord, please bless the train that takes me

C Cm A7-5 G

I want to be where the win-try winds don't blow, _____
To Tish-o-min-go, 'way down old Dix-ie way, _____

D7 A7 D G#dim D7

Down where the south-ern moon swings low, That's where I want to go. _____
Where south-ern folks are al-ways gay, That's why you hear me say. _____

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CHORUS

D+ G G7 C G G7

I'm goin' to Tish-o-min-go, be-cause I'm sad to - day,

p-f

C A7-5 G G# dim

I wish to lin-ger, way down old Dix-ie way.

D7 D+ G D G Gm

Oh my wea-ry heart cries out in pain, Oh how I wish that I was back a - gain,

D Dm A7 A7-5 D A7 D D+

With a race, in a place, Where they make you wel-come all the time. Way

G G7 C G G7

down in Mis-si-sip-pi, A-mong the cy-press trees,

C C7 B Em G#dim B7

They get you dip-py, with their strange mel-o - dies, To re-

G B7 Em Eb7 G

sist temp - ta - tion, I just can't re - fuse, In Tish-o-min-go

D7 G#dim D7 1G G#dim D 2G D7 G

I wish to lin-ger, Where they play the wea-ry blues. I'm blues.

HOOKING COW BLUES

Words and Music by
DOUGLASS WILLIAMS

Jazz & Blues Music by
W. C. HANDY

Moderato

CAPO I Bb (A) $Eb7$ Bb $(D7)$ (A) $F7$ $(E7)$ Bb (A)

PIANO

VOICE Bb (A) Eb (D) Bb (A)

Till Ready

Out in Tex-as with the hooking cows,
When a wom-an sees the man she loves,

$Bb7$ $(A7)$ Eb (D) Bb (A)

Is where I al-ways long and al-ways crave to be.
Her mind rocks like a ship up-on a storm-y sea.

$F7$ $(E7)$ Bb dim $(A$ dim)

Tell me, hon-ey, do you ev-er think of me?
All I want is some-one just to hear my plea.

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B \flat F7 B \flat (A)(E7)(A) E \flat B \flat B \flat 7 (A7)

(D) (A)

I have told you these same things be-fore, The
My best friend done turned his back on me, And

E \flat B \flat
(D) (A)

way you treat me, hon-ey, I will have to go.
if his heart ain't iron it, must be mar-ble stone.

F7
(E7)

B \flat dim
(A dim)

B \flat F7 B \flat B \flat 7 B \flat E \flat m6 B \flat B \flat F7
(A E7 A A7 dim Dm6 A dim E7)
(A dim) (A dim)

If you love me you will have to tell me so, You'll have to tell me so
I just hate the day I ev-er left my home, I left my hap-py home

CHORUS B \flat
(A)

B \flat 7 E \flat
(A7) (D)

B \flat dim
(A dim)

For the Hook-ing Cow Blues, Oh those Tex-as Cow Blues

Bb (A) Db7 F7 (C7) (E7)

Ring in my ear, I seem to hear and see them danc-ing, pranc-ing,

G7 (F#7) C7 (B7) F7 (E7) Bb (A) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)

out on the ranch. Oh those Hook-ing Cow Blues, Oh those Tex-as Cow

Bb dim (A dim) Bb (A) C7 (B7) F7 (E7) Bb Bb7 (A) (A7) dim m6 (D) Bb (A) D. C.

Blues, I've sure-ly got the Hook-ing Cow Blues. _____

Tacet (Spoken) F dim (E dim) F (E)

JAZZ Texas Steer What's that I hear A Texas Steer

8 8 D. S. Chorus

BLUE GUMMED BLUES

Words by
DAVE ELMAN and
W. C. HANDY $Bb7$
CAPO I (A7)

Music by
W. C. HANDY
 Ab $Bb+$ Eb
(G) (A+) (D)

Eb $Ebdim$ Eb $Bb7$ Eb $Ebdim$
(D) (Ddim)(D)(A7) (D)(Ddim)

PIANO

VOICE

Eb
(D)

$Ebm6$
(Dm6)

Eb $Ebdim$ Eb $Bb7$
(D) (Ddim)(D) (A7)

1. Mam - my told me - when a child - play - ing mum - ble - peg,
2. I got a man. I can keep - right a - round my heels,

Eb $Ebdim$ Eb
(D) (Ddim) (D)

Ab
(G)

Yes, she told me - when a child - play - in' mum - ble -
I got a man - that wants me - like he wants his

Eb $Ebdim$ Eb
(D) (Ddim) (D)

$Bb7$
(A7)

peg,
meals,

Don't drink a black cow's milk,
Got one so slow, - he don't

Eb Eb dim Eb Bb7 Eb Eb dim Eb Bb7 Eb E dim Bb7
 (D) (Ddim) (D) (A7) (D) (Ddim) (D) (A7) (D) (D# dim) (A7)

Don't you eat a black hen's egg.
 Know how bad mis-treat-ment feels.

Eb Ebm6 Eb
 (D) (Dm6) (D)

I un-der-stood, dis-o-beyed, and got me a man,
 First man I had made me mad, mes-sin' 'round my pal,

Ab
 (G)

— No man a-liv-in' can love just like my man
 — Sec-ond was old, but got bold with an-oth-er

Eb Eb dim Eb Eb dim Eb Bb E dim Bb Bb+
 (D) (Ddim) (D) (Ddim)(D) (A) (D# dim) (A) (A+)

can, _____
 gal, _____

He's an eight rock, an' I'd shock.
 Third one was mean, and so green,

$E\flat$ $E\flat dim$ $E\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$ $E\flat dim$ $E\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$ $B\flat 7$
 (D) (Ddim) (D) (A7) (D) (Ddim) (D) (A7) (D) (A7)

— my peo - ple if they knew That my man's gums are blue. I'll tell the
 — I had to let him go, I want the world to know. I'll tell the

$E\flat$ $A\flat$ $E\flat$
 (D) (G) (D)

cock-eyed world — they'd bet - ter let my — man be, —

$E\flat 7$ $A\flat$
 (D7) (G)

— Eight rock or not — He's cer - tain - ly good — to

$E\flat$ $E\flat dim$ $B\flat 7$
 (D) (Ddim) (A7)

me He ain't voo-doo just 'cause his gums are

E \flat
(D)

B \flat 7 E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat
(A7) (D) (A) (D)

A \flat
(G)

blue, ——— And while we're plan-nin' to wed, I ain't gon-na take no

E \flat
(D)

E \flat 7
(D7)

A \flat
(G)

stock ——— In what they're say - in'

E \flat
(D)

a - bout my sweet eight rock.

B \flat 7
(A7)

E \flat
(D)

I'm tryin' to lose that feel-in' called "Blue Gummed Blues" ———

BLIND MAN BLUES

Words by
EDDIE GREEN

Music by
BILLIE MC LAURIN

Slowly G Eb7 G C Eb7 G D7 G Cm G Cm G

PIANO *f*

VOICE

G A7-5 D7 D+ G A7 A7-5 D7 C7 D7

Vamp The blind men held a meet-ing once, - Way down in Ten-nes -

Gm G C Cm6 G A7

see, - And talked a - bout those - things they'd heard but things that they could - nt

D D7 G Cm G Ebm6

see. - Old sight-less George spoke up and said - he'd heard of vam - pire girls, - who

A7 D7 E A7 D7

won men with their won-der-ful eyes. Made them slaves with their love - ly curls. - He thought that

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E7 A7 D7 A A7 D7 G D7 G dim

blind men might as well be dead, — Then blind - ed Bill he said: "They say the

G Eb7 G D7 G A7-5 G D7 G G7

girls now-a - days do dress so neat, — But we can't see it, No we can't see it! They

C D7 G Cm6 G Cm6 G

say the girls are beau-it - ful, so ver - y sweet. But — we can't see it! No we can't see it! The

G7 C E7 A7 D7

girls are wear-ing few-er — clothes each day, — It ain' do-in' us no — good no way? — So they all

G Eb7 G C Eb7 G D7 G Cm G Cm G BLUES D7

joined right — in and sang those blind man's — blues. — I

ain' goin' to mar - ry, I ain' goin' to set - tle down, Dog-gone my soul! I
 when you think that yo' lov - in' gal is true, Dog-gone my soul! Jes'

ain' goin' to mar - ry, I ain' goin' to set - tle down, I'm goin' to
 when you think that yo' lov - in' gal is true, Then she is

stay down here an' swing these wom - en roun' Jes'
 yo's, she's mine, she's some - bod - y el - se's too.

(Law-dy, Lawd)

p-f

L.H.

1. G D7 G C D7 G G7

C C7 G

Eb7 G C Eb7 G D7 G Cm G Cm 1. G D7 2. G

BLUES:

My gal's got teeth like a searchlight on the sea,
 Dog-gone my soul! Lawdy, Lawd!
 My gal's got teeth like a searchlight on the sea,
 Every time she smiles she throws a light on me.

You can always tell when your gal is treating you mean,
 Dog-gone my soul! Lawdy, Lawd!
 You can always tell when your gal is treating you mean,
 Yo' meals ain' reg'lar, yo' house ain' nevah clean.

There's a change in the ocean, A change in the deep blue sea,
 Dog-gone my soul! Lawdy, Lawd!
 There's a change in the ocean, A change in the deep blue sea,
 You can bet yo' life there ain' no change in me.

O, big, fat women with the meat shaking on her bones
 Dog-gone my soul! Lawdy, Lawd!
 O, big, fat women with the meat shaking on her bones
 Ev'ry time she shimmies some skinny woman weeps an' moans.

DEEP RIVER BLUES

Añoranzas!
(MEDITATION)
(MEDITACION)

Words by
EDDIE GREEN
Writer of "A Good Man Is Hard To Find"
Poesia de
EDDIE GREEN
(Versión española de J.M.R. Airoson)

Music by
LUCILE MARIE HANDY
Musica por
LUCILA MARIA HANDY

CAPO I (A7)

PIANO

Eb Ebdim Eb (D) (D dim)(D) Ebdim Eb (D dim)(D) Eb Ebdim Eb Bb+7 Eb Ebdim Eb Bb+7
(D) (D dim)(D) (D dim)(D) % (D)(D dim)(D) (A+7) (D) (D dim)(D) (A+7)

Deep Riv-er, Deep Riv-er,
Deep Riv-er, Deep Riv-er,
Deep Riv-er, Deep Riv-er,
Dul - ce bien, Dul - ce bien,
Dul - ce bien, Dul - ce bien,
Dul - ce bien, Dul - ce bien,

Vamp

Eb Eb dim Eb Bb+7 Eb dim Eb7 Ab
(D) (D dim) (D) (A+7) (D dim) (D7) (G)

Mis- sis - sip - pi Riv - er, so deep and wide — my heart is break - ing,
When I — feel wor - ried, I come to — you I come and sit — be -
When I — sit be - side, I nev - er — fear, you al - ways seem — to
Lin - fa — que ti - da del hon - doy an — cho ri - o del — ver -
Si me — sien - to angus - tia - do tu rau - dal me con - sue - la — me
En tu — re - ga - zo ne sien - to se - gu - ra co - mo al am - pa - ro

E^b
(D)

as I watch the ev - 'ning tide, — Be - cause I'm
side you when I'm feel - ing blue, — 'Cause you're the
me to be — a friend so dear And if you
gel don - de — na - ci - ay, — Cuan - do la
con - sue - la — a - ay, — Por - quea ti
del mas tier - noa - mor, — Oh, rio pro -

B^b7
(A7)

E^b E^b7 E^bdim A^bm6 E^b B^b7
(D D7 Ddim Gm6 D A7)

o - ver here_ my man is on the oth - er side. — If I
on - ly one — that I can tell my trou - bles to. — At the
see my man — please tell him that it's lone - some here. — If I
tar deex pi - ra a - tru-lla el a - mor en ti, — Lo - co
so - lo pue - do con-tra mis tris-te - zas, — Con el
fun - do nun - ca te a - lean-do - na - re, — Si-el pe-

E^b
(D)

B^b7
(A7)

E^b
(D)

B^b7
(A7)

E^b
(D)

Gm
(F[#]m)

B^b7
(A7)

had the means I'd go to New Or-leans but right at this time I ain't got a dime to
break of day—you'll find me gone a - way,—there's no one to care or want to know where I'm
get the blues then I will take off my shoes I'll look to the Lord and jump o-verboard and
be - sa - re — tu dul-ce o - ri lla — si a - las me na - cen con quo po der vo -
al ba yo to - mo tu ru - ta fiel — Y so - lo tu lin fa sa - be te vuel vo a
sar trai-dor meo-pri-med co - ra-zon — En tu se - no fiel a - ca - ba - ra mi do-

Ab7 (G7) Eb (D) Eb7 (D7) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) E (Eb) Ab (G)

1. spare. — lar. — 2. gone. — ver. — Last time

drown. lor: Deep Dul - Riv - er
 ce can -

Fine

Ab7 (G7) Ab (G) Ab7 (G7) Db7 (C7) C#m6 Db7 (Cm6) (C7)

Blues, ción, I Del can't re - fuse your sweet mel - o -
 rio pro - fun - do Es gra - to

C#m6 Db7 (Cm6) (C7) Eb (D) Fm6 (Em6)

dy, — bien, — I'll al - ways be by your side when the
 Tu tier - no son Dios me de — la ven -

Bbm (Am) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G)

ev - nin' tide_ comes a — long. —
 tu ra ay! — de tu a — mor. —

D.S. al Fine

D.S. al Fine

GOIN' DOWN THAT LONG LONG LONESOME ROAD

Words and Music
by
WILL NASH

D7
CAPO III (B7)

G D7
(E) (B7)

G D+7 G
(E) (B+7)(E)

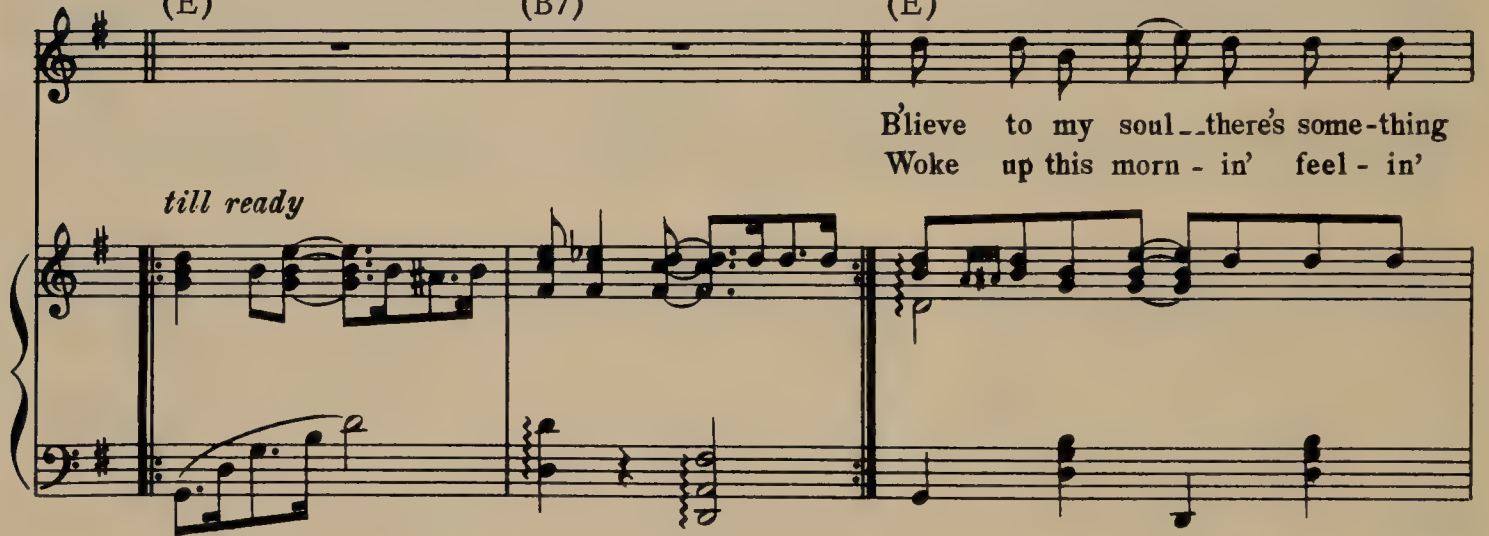


VOICE

G
(E)

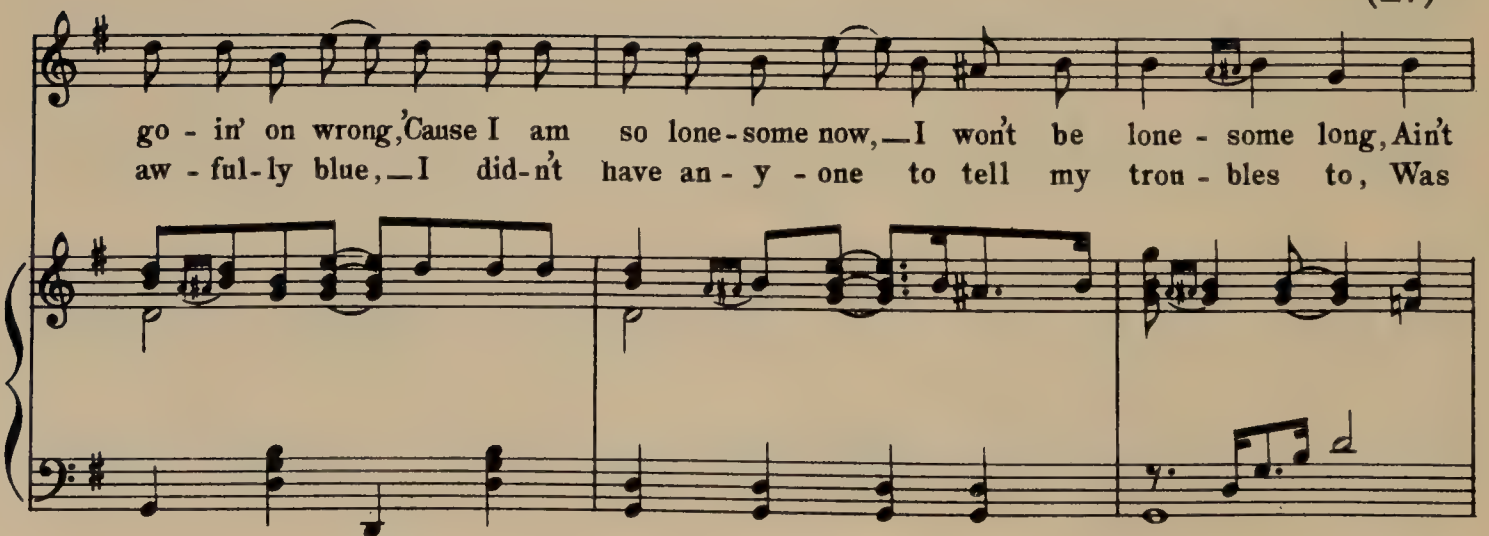
D7
(B7)

G
(E)



till ready

G7
(E7)



C (A) C7 (A7) C# dim (A#dim) D7 (B7) Gm (Em) D7 (B7) G (E) Cm (Am) G (E)

had no lov - in' since my babe's been gone, ——— My pals has
wea - ry lone-some heart bro - ken and sad, ——— And yet some

D7 (B7) Gm (Em) D7 (B7) G (E)

left me here to sing this lone-some song.
peo - ple say the wea - ry blues ain't bad.

C7 (A7) F7 (D7)

When he gets lone-some he will think of me, — He's goin' to wish for his old
There's on-ly one thing ev-er makes me drink, — I get the blues sit down, be -

Bb7 (G7)

use - to - be, — He's goin' to sit and sigh, and may - be want to die,
gin to think — of good times we have had, it makes me feel so bad,

Ebm
(Cm)

C7
(A7)

al-ways sad,— nev-er glad.— He left me stand-in' on the
sad and blue,— all for you — I ought to quit you but I

F7
(D7)

rail-road track,— wav-in' my hands and tryin' to call him back,— Now I'm
guess I'll wait,— I use to love you it may turn to hate,— since you

Bb7
(G7)

Eb
(C)

E dim
(C# dim)

goin' down down that long, long lone-some road.
left me go - in' down that lone-some road.

INTRO. CHORUS

Bb7

Eb Eb7 Ab Abm6 Eb Eb7

(G7)

(C C7 F Em6 C C7)

Woke up this morn-in' feel-in' aw-ful-ly — blue.
You'll want me back and it may be — too — late.

CHORUS

$A\flat$
 (F)

$B\flat 7$
 (G7)

$E\flat$
 (C)

Some old fire-man, some old en - gin eer,
 Ba - by, mam-ma's lone-some just for you,

$E\flat 7$
 (C7)

$A\flat$
 (F)

$A\flat m$
 (Fm)

Took him 'way and left me stand - in'
 Cra - zy 'bout you don't care what you

$E\flat$
 (C)

$E\flat \text{ dim}$
 (C dim)

$E\flat$
 (C)

$E \text{ dim}$
 (C# dim)

$B\flat 7$
 (G7)

here do I love my ba - by,
 I wan-der if you're

$E\flat$
 (C)

$B\flat 7$
 (G7)

$E\flat$
 (C)

long to have him near.
 kind-er lone - some too.

1 $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$
 (G7) (C)

2 $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$
 (G7) (C)

AUNT HAGAR'S CHILDREN

W. C. HANDY

Moderato

PIANO

p

mf

f

dim.

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First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one flat (B-flat), 2/4 time signature. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and a melodic line with a sharp sign. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth-note chords.

Second system of musical notation. Continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. The right hand has a melodic line with a sharp sign and a half-note chord. The left hand continues with eighth-note chords.

Third system of musical notation. Features a first ending bracket labeled "1." and a second ending bracket labeled "2." with a repeat sign. The right hand has a melodic line with a sharp sign. The left hand has a steady accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. Starts with a *p-f* (piano-forte) dynamic marking. The right hand has a melodic line with a flat sign. The left hand has a steady accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. Continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. The right hand has a melodic line with a sharp sign. The left hand has a steady accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. Features a first ending bracket labeled "1." and a second ending bracket labeled "2." with a repeat sign. The right hand has a melodic line with a sharp sign. The left hand has a steady accompaniment.

AUNT HAGAR'S CHILDREN BLUES

Adaptation from W. C. Handy's Selection
"Aunt Hagar's Children"

Lyrics by
Lieut. J. TIM BRYMN

Music by
W. C. HANDY

CAPO I (E)(E7)(A)(C7)(E) Db7 C7 F F (E) VAMP

PIANO

VOICE

F F7 Bb Db7 F Db7 C7 F F (E) VAMP

Capo I (E) (E7) (E) (E7) (E) (E7)

Old Dea-con Spliv-ins, his flock was giv-in' The way of liv-in'

right. Said he, "No wing-ing, no rag-time sing-ing here to -

night." Up jumped Aunt Ha-gar,

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Foreign Representatives

C7 (B7) F (E) F (E) F7 (E \flat)
 and shout-ed out with all her might, _____ "Why all this raz-zing,
 a - bout the jazz-ing? My boys have just come home,
 With lat-est mu-sic, they play it on the sax-o - phone."
 "Oh my, just lis-ten!" the dea-con shout-ed with a moan. _____

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each consisting of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line for each measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

CHORUS

F F7 B \flat D \flat 7 F
(E) (E7) (A) (C7) (E)

C7
(B7)

F D \flat 7 C7 F
(E) (C7) (B7) (E)

Hear Aunt Ha-gar's chil-dren har-mo-niz-ing, Hear that sweet mel-o-dy, It's

Fm
(Em)

F7
(E7)

D \flat
(C)

D \flat 7
(C7)

G \flat
(F)

D \flat 7
(C7)

C7
(B7)

Fm
(Em)

Cdim
(Bdim)

C7
(B7)

Cdim
(Bdim)

C7
(B7)

like a choir— from on high broke loose. If the

Fm
(Em)

F7
(E7)

D \flat
(C)

D \flat 7
(C7)

G \flat
(F)

D \flat 7
(C7)

C7
(B7)

Fm
(Em)

C7 B \flat m C7
(B7) (Am) (B7)

dev-il brought it, the good Lord sent it right down to me. I—

F F7 B \flat D \flat 7 F
(E) (E7) (A) (C7) (E)

D \flat 7 C7 F
(C7) (B7) (E)

2. F
(E)

don't know what it's called, But be-lieve me it is one mourn-ful blues. blues.

Patter

F (E) F7 (E7) F (E) F7 (E7)

Um! 'tain't no use in talk-in', Um! Ha-gar's chil-dren squawk-in',

Bb (A) F (E) A7 (G#7)

Such jazz - a - pa - tion, such mod - u - la - tion, When my feet say dance, I

D7 (C#7) G7 (F#7) C7 (B7)

just can't re - fuse - When I hear - that mel - o - dy they call the

F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E)

Blues, Aunt Ha-gar's Chil-dren Blues, Some Blues, Some Blues.

LOVELESS LOVE

W. C. HANDY

PIANO

C F D7 A^b7 C G7 C

VOICE

§ C G7 C C7 F Fm G7 C C7 Cdim Fm6

Love is like a gold brick in a bun-co game, _____
 Love is like a hy-drant, it turns off and on, _____

§ Vamp

C7 F Dm7 C G7 C F C G7 C F C

Like a bank-note with a bo-gus name, _____ Both have
 Like some friend-ships when your mon-ey's gone, _____ Love-

G7 C F G7 C F C G7 C G7 C G7

caused_ man-y down-falls, Love has done the same.
 stands in with the loan sharks when your hearts in pawn.

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C C7 F Fm G7 C C7 Cdim Fm6 C7
 Love has for its em - blem Cu - pid with his bow,
 If I had some strong wings like an aer - o - plane,

F Dm7 C G7 C F C G7 C F C
 Love less love has lots and lots of dough, So—
 Had some broad wings like an aer - o - plane, I would

G7 C F G7 C C7 Cdim Fm6 C C7
 car - ry lots of Jack and pick 'em as you go.
 fly a - way for - ev - er, ne'er to come a gain. For

1st Chorus
 F C7 F
 Love, oh love, oh love-less love, Has set our hearts on goal-less

C7 F F7 Bb G7 C#7 F
 goals, From milk - less milk, and silk - less silk, We are grow - ing

C7 F C7 F

used to soul-less souls, ——— Such graft - ing times we nev-er saw, ——— That's

C7 F F7

why we have a pure food law, ——— In ev - 'ry - thing we

Bb G7 C#7 F C7 F G7

find a flaw, Ev - en love, oh love, oh love-less love. ———

D.S. then 2nd Chorus

2nd Chorus F C7 F

Love, oh love, oh love-less love, ——— You set our

C7 F F7

hearts on goal - less goals, ——— With dream - less dreams and

8va loco

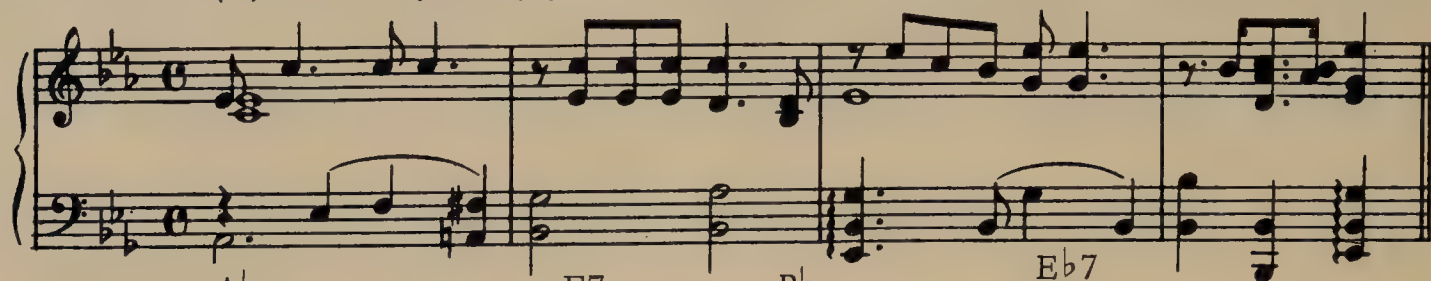
The musical score is written for a song, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. Chord markings (C7, F, Bb, G7, C#7, F7) are placed above the vocal staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. The score includes a '2nd Chorus' section and a 'D.S. then 2nd Chorus' instruction. The final part of the score includes the markings '8va' and 'loco'.

B \flat G7 C \sharp 7 F C7 F
 scheme - less schemes, We — wreck our love boats on the shoals, —
 C7 F C7 F
 — We S. O. S. by wire - less wire, —
 C7 F C7
 — And in the wreck-age of de - sire, —
 F F7 B \flat
 We sigh for wings like No - ah's
 G7 C \sharp 7 F C7 F C7 F
 dove, Just to fly a-way from love-less love. —

SUNDOWN BLUES

By W. C. HANDY

CAPO III $A\flat$ $A\dim$ $E\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$
 (F) (F dim) (C) (G7) (C) (G7) (C)



$A\flat$
(F)

$F 7$
(D7)

$B\flat$
(G)

$E\flat 7$
(C)

Voice *tenderly*

My two - tim - ing pa - pa
I've got mines of troub - le,

Vamp

p



$A\flat$
(F)

$Fm 7$
(Dm7)

is ag - gra - va - ting me,
car-loads of mis - er - y,

He's run - ning wild but
I'd give it all to



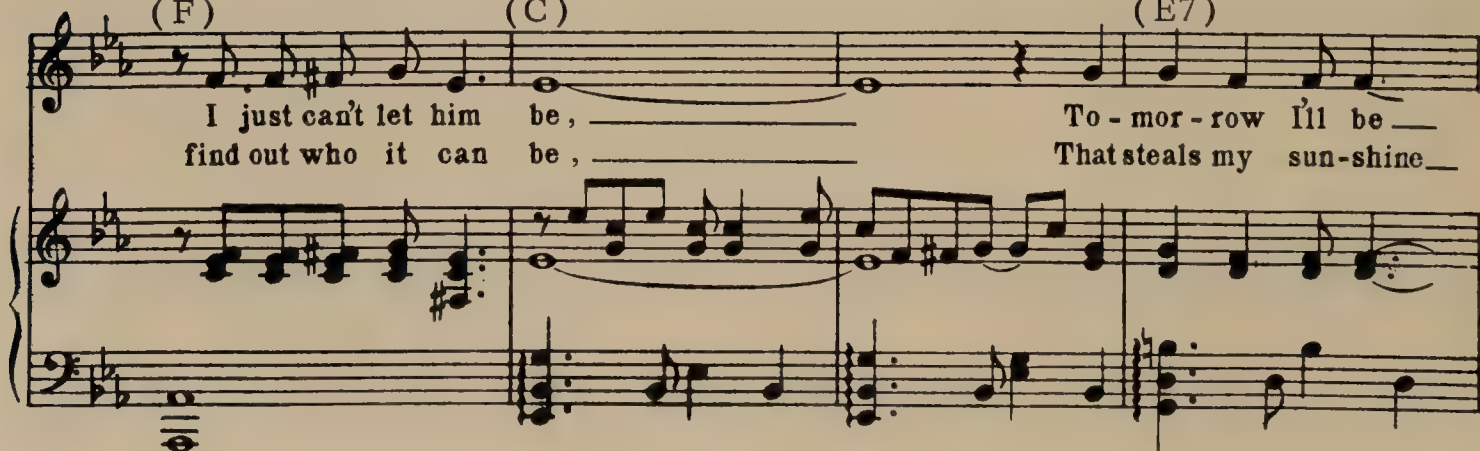
$A\flat$
(F)

$E\flat$
(C)

$G 7$
(E7)

I just can't let him be,
find out who it can be,

To - mor - row I'll be
That steals my sun - shine



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Cm sus 4

(Am sus 4)

Eb7

(C7)

Ab

(F)

A dim

(F dim)

a - rac - ing with the

and leaves me on - ly

ris - ing sun

blue - y gloom

Hur - ry, sun - down,

Hur - ry, sun - down,

Eb

(C)

Bb7

(G7)

Eb

(C)

Bb7

(G7)

Eb

(C)

and let to - mor - row come.

and let to - mor - row come.

Blues

Bb7

(G7)

1. For I'm goin' to New - port,

2. For she knows some - thing,

I said to New - port,

I said some - thing,

I mean to New - port,

I mean some - thing,

Eb

(C)

Eb7

(C7)

Eb

(C)

Eb7

(C7)

Bb

(G)

Naw! naw! naw! I'm goin' to New - port,

Naw! naw! naw! Why she's a read - er,

I mean New - port, Ark - an - saw!

and I need her, Law! Law! Law!

F7
(D7)

I'm go - in' there to see Aunt Car' - line
She reads your for - tune and her cards don't

1. Bb (G) 2. Bb (G) F7 (D7) Bb (G) Bb7 (G7)
Dye. _____ lie. _____ I've put some

Chorus Eb (C) Bb7 (G7)
Ash - es in my sweet pa - pa's bed, — So that he can't slip —

Eb (C) Bb7 (G7) Eb (C)
out, Hoo - doo in his bread, —

Gm Bb7 Eb
 (Em) (G7) (C)

Goo-pher dust — all — a - bout, I'll fix him! Con - ju -

ra - tion — is in his socks — and —

shoes, To - mor - row he will have those mean Sun - down

Blues. I've put some —

1. Eb Bb7
 (C) (G7)

2. Eb Bb7 Eb
 (C) (G7) (C)

THE BASEMENT BLUES

Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

First System: G7 C F C G7 C

Second System: C7 C

1. The man I love's got low - down ways fer-
2. He aint' gay- cat - in' round with dict - y-

Third System: F7

true, The man I love's got low - down ways fer
cats, Don't go gay cat - in' round in buf - fet

Fourth System: C G7

true, Well- I am hink-ty and I'm low-down
flats We like our base-ment and our base-ment

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C

F7

C C#dim G7 C7

C

too. _____ He ain't _____ no_ arn - chy,
rats. _____

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a whole note rest for 'too.' and 'rats.' followed by a half note 'He', a quarter note 'ain't', a half note 'no_', a quarter note 'arn', and a half note 'chy,'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a continuous eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand with triplets and various chords.

F7

I ain't tryin' to_ be He ain't no arn-chy, I ain't tryin' to

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a half note 'I', a quarter note 'ain't', a half note 'tryin' to_', a half note 'be', a half note 'He', a quarter note 'ain't', a half note 'no arn-chy,', and a half note 'I ain't tryin' to'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and a melodic right hand.

C

G7

be. So you can't make no arn-chy out of

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a whole note 'be.', a half note 'So', a quarter note 'you can't', a half note 'make no', a quarter note 'arn-chy', and a half note 'out of'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a continuous eighth-note bass line and a melodic right hand with triplets.

C

F7

C

G7

C

me. _____ For I was born_low-down,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a whole note 'me.' followed by a half note 'For', a quarter note 'I', a half note 'was born_', and a half note 'low-down,'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and a melodic right hand.

G7

way down in the low-ground, Ev-ry day- I get

Am G7 C

low as a toad- For my home ain't here- It's furth-er down the road. Down in

PATTER

Am E+7 Am

Ze - ro, Mis - sis - sip - pi all my folks is at, - An'
 2. Dad's name is Lowe, Mis - ter B. Lowe if you please, An'
 3. preach - er man done tole me that "Low is the way," I'm
 4. lots of Low-Brow, High-Brows, I'm tell - in' you a fact, - And
 5. fa - lu - tin' Low - Brows un - der gobs of paint, 'Tend -
 6. heard 'em say a black-bird nev - er flies so high, - That

E+7 Am

col - ored folks can't live much low - er down - er than that. 2. My -
 2. he can kiss my mam - my with - out bend - ing his knees. 3. My -
 3. a nat - u - ral born Ho - ly Roll - er, so they say. 4. There's a
 4. man - y pop - eyed pots a call - in' bow - leg kittles black. 5. And high -
 5. in' like dey is, when dey know darn well they ain't. 6. Well I've
 6. he don't come down for his with oth - er birds byme - bye. - So -

C7

you ——— keep your at - tics, Take the roof or the air if you

F7

choose, Just keep your at-tics, Take the air if you

C

G7

choose, But my high - est as - pir -

a - tion is the base-ment blues. ———

WAY DOWN SOUTH WHERE THE BLUES BEGAN

By W. C. HANDY

Piano

G *mp* *cresc.* *ff* *mf*

G7 C7 D7

G Voice G7 C9 D7

Tired nerves twitch-in' from sor-row and

Gm C9 D+7

care, Tired feet, itch-in' to take me some-

Gm D7

where, South - Land bewitchin', beck-ons me -

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G G7 C9 D+7

there. _____ Hard times that's all we hear 'round this

Gm Cm Gm Cm6 Gm F#dim Gm C9 D+7

way. _____ Odd dimes they're grow-ing thinner each

f *ff*

Gm Cm Gm Cm6 Gm F#dim Gm D7

day, _____ Good times,

f *ff*

G B7 E7 Eb7

"Just 'round the cor-ner," so they say. _____ That cor - ner's

Chorus D D7 D

Down South, — in Na-ture's own gar - den, — Where hearts nev - er
Down where — the Fa - ther of Wa - ters, — And all — of his

p-f

D Bdim Gm7 A7 D Bdim A7 D

hard - en, — like the grind-ing stone on old Mil-ler's wheel, You'll find the
daugh - ters, — like the hu - man streamflow leis-ure - ly 'long, They wear the

world there, — like — a grand pa - geant, — And all — a free
world there — like — a loose gar - ment, — And with - out a -

Bdim Gm7 A7 D Bdim Gm7 A7 D D7

a - gent, — In peace a - lone where love is real, Lawd sent down
dorn - ment, — All day a dream all night a song, Lawd sent Boll -

G G7 G D D7 D D7

hard - ships, — Yet all of our hard - ships, — We un-der-
wee - vil, — All kinds of up - heav - al, — like E-gypt

G G7 G Bdim D Adim A7 D

stand 'Twas His com- mand, — And His de- mand, — that the world
land He had His plan, — He had this plan, — Made the world

Bdim D

give in — To life — worth liv — in' Way Down South —
bor - row — Glad-ness — from sor - row Way Down South —

1. Bdim Gm7 A+7 A7 DBdim Gm7 A+7 A7 D 2. DBdim Gm A+7 A7 D

— Where The Blues Be - gan. — Want to go — Where The Blues Be - gan. —

BASIN STREET BLUES

Slow blues tempo
C dim

Words and Music by
SPENCER WILLIAMS
C# dim G7

PIANO *mf*

VOICE

G+7 C Dm7 Ab7C Dm7 Ab7C C# dim Dm7 G7 C C# dim Dm7 G7

Won't-cha come a-long with me, To the Mis-sis-sip-pi?

p

C G7 C G7 C

We'll take the boat to the lan' of dreams, Steam down the riv-er, down to New Or-leans, The

Dm7 Ab7C Dm7 Ab7C C# dim Dm7 G7 C C# dim Dm7 G7

band's there to meet us, Old friends to greet us,

C G7 C G7 C G+7

Where all the light and the dark folks meet, This is Ba-sin Street!

fz

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REFRAIN

C *Slow strict tempo* E7 E7-5 A7

Ba-sin Street is the street where the e-lite, al-ways meet- in

New Or-leans, Lan' of dreams, You'll nev-er know how nice it seems, Or

just how much it real-ly means; Glad to be,— Yes, sir-ee,— Where

wel-come's free, Dear to me,— where I can lose— My BA-SIN STREET BLUES.

1 C C7 Cdim Fm6 C C#dim G7 2 C C7 Cdim Fm6 C G+7 C9/6

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow strict tempo'. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: C, E7, E7-5, A7, D7, G7, G+7, Em7, C, Cdim, Dm7, G7, Dm, G7, C, E7, A7, Bb7, A7, D7, G7. Dynamics include *p-f*, *fz*, and *fz* with accents. The piano part features complex chordal textures and some triplet figures in the final system. The lyrics are: 'Ba-sin Street is the street where the e-lite, al-ways meet- in New Or-leans, Lan' of dreams, You'll nev-er know how nice it seems, Or just how much it real-ly means; Glad to be,— Yes, sir-ee,— Where wel-come's free, Dear to me,— where I can lose— My BA-SIN STREET BLUES.' The score ends with two first and second endings for the piano part, indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff.

THE BLUES I'VE GOT

By N. E. REED

and ETHEL NEAL

Bb7 Eb Eb7 Fm B7 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb+7 Eb B7 Bb7
CAPO III (G7) (C) (C7 Dm / G7) (C)(G7)(C) (G+7) (C) (Ab7)(G7)
Ab7 Till ready

PIANO

VOICE

Eb Bb+7 Eb Ab Abm Eb
(C) (G+7) (C) (F) (Fm) (C)

My name is Sal, A small town gal, I'm as lone-some as can be,

G7 Cm F7 Bb Bb7
(E7) (Am) (D7) (G) (G7)

'Cause my man— brought me here, — And for-sak-en me,

Eb Bb+7 Eb Ab Bb7 Eb
(C) (G+7) (C) (F) (G7) (C)

I'm all a-lone, long ways from home, Ev'-ry-bod-y pass me by,

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Fm7 Ebdim Eb Ab
(Dm7)(Cdim)(C)(F)

C7 F7
(A7) (D7)

Bb Bb7
(G) (G7)

All night long I lays a - wake, Wish-in' I could die. I've had the

BLUES

Eb Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Eb Bb7
(C) (G7) (C7) (F7) (C) (G7)

1. blues 'bout my mam ma, Blues 'bout my pa - pa, Blues 'bout my sis - ter
2. blues in the morn-in', When day was dawn-in', Blues when I go to
3. blues in the win - ter, Blues in the Sum-mer, Blues in the Spring and
4. blues when I'm walk-in', Blues when I'm talk-in', Blues when I'm eat - in',

Sue. I've had the blues 'bout my broth-er, Now I've got the blues a - bout
bed. I've got the blues 'cause I need you, Now to hold my ach - in'
Fall. I've got the blues right now, Blue 'cause you won't an - swer my
too. I've got the blues when I'm think-in', 'Bout an - oth - er gal claim-in'

you. Why don't you come back home,
head. You bet - ter hur - ry home,
call. Oh won't you come back home,
you. You bet - ter hur - ry home,

Eb7 (C7) Ab (F) B7 (Ab7) Bb7 (G7) Eb (C) Bb7 (G7)

To me sweet man my love is true. — 2. I've had the
 Be - fore its too late, I'll be dead. — 3. I've had the
 Sweet man of mine so long and tall. — 4. I've got the
 I've got my eye on some - one new. —

Repeat till Chant

CHANT G7 (E7) Cm Eb7 (Am) (C7)

When I'm all a - lone I long to see my used - to - be,

Ab7 (F7) Abm7 (Fm7) Bb7 (G7) Eb (C)

When I'm all a - lone I want him 'round to com - fort me, I wish I

Bb7 (G7) Eb (C) Eb7 (C7) Ab (F) B7 (Ab7) Bb7 (G7) Eb (C)

was a rock - down at the bot - tom of the sea. —

BOOGIE-WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES

Piano Solo
By
EARL HINES

Medium Blues Tempo

Piano

mf

8va bassa.....

8va.....

Treble *mf*
Bass *mp*

8va.....

8va.....

Bass and Treble *mp*

8va.....

"St. Louis Blues" copyright 1914 by W. C. Handy; copyright renewed. This arrangement copyright 1945 by W. C. Handy

Treble mf
Bass mp

8va.....

Both hands mf

8va.....

loco

Put out all the lights and call the law, right now!

mf

3

3 *3*

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The treble clef staff contains chords and rests, while the bass clef staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The treble clef staff continues with chords and melodic fragments, and the bass clef staff maintains the rhythmic pattern.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The treble clef staff shows more complex chordal textures. A star symbol and the text "(p. 170)" are located at the end of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The treble clef staff contains sustained chords, and the bass clef staff continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

8va bassa.....

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The treble clef staff features chords with some melodic movement, while the bass clef staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

8va.....

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The treble clef staff contains chords and rests, and the bass clef staff concludes the eighth-note accompaniment.

8va.....

☆Ossia_Chords for voices or instruments

The first system of the Ossia part consists of two staves. The treble staff contains a series of chords, some of which are beamed together. The bass staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, often accompanied by chords.

The second system continues the musical patterns from the first system, with similar chordal structures in the treble and a moving bass line.

The third system introduces more complex chordal textures and some melodic movement in the treble staff, while the bass staff continues its rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system features triplets in both the treble and bass staves. A marking '8va' with a dashed line indicates an octave shift for a portion of the treble staff.

The fifth system concludes the Ossia part with a final melodic flourish in the treble and a steady bass line. The instruction 'Play-it 'till 1970' is written above the treble staff.

First system of musical notation, piano introduction. Treble and bass staves with complex chords and arpeggios. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present in the final measure.

Second system of musical notation. Treble staff includes the vocal entry: "8va..... (Holler - here) Yea!". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and arpeggios. A *Red.* (Reduction) bracket is shown under the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves with complex chords and arpeggios. A *Red.* (Reduction) bracket is shown under the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves with complex chords and arpeggios. A *Red.* (Reduction) bracket is shown under the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble staff includes the marking "8va....." and "poco a poco diminuendo". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and arpeggios. A *Red.* (Reduction) bracket is shown under the bass staff.

Don't quit now Jack, Don't quit now.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble staff includes the marking "8va....." and "Gliss. on white keys". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and arpeggios. A *Red.* (Reduction) bracket is shown under the bass staff. The marking "Loco R.H." is present in the bass staff.

SHOEBOOT'S SERENADE

Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

Moderato

Dm

Gm

mf

C7

F B \flat m F

Voice

Dm

Gm

1. Shoe-boot Reed - - er was_the lead - - er
2. Un - der the win - - dow, Shoe-boot took Lin - - da,

C7

C#dim

Dm

A7

Of a col - ored band, _____ Mu - sic sweet and
For his wed - ded wife, _____ Tied the knot for

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Dm Bb Bb7 A

grand, _____ How he sang and played! One
 life, _____ Claimed her for his own.

Dm Gm

sum-mer night _____ in South-ern moon - - light,
 Just a few pen - - nies Twin pic-a-nin - - nies,

G#dim Am E7

'Neath a vine-clad win-dow, _____ He to
 Work scarce, eats one meal a day. _____ Sad at

Am E7 Am C

his Me-lin-da _____ Sang this ser-e-nade. _____
 heart he tries to play _____ On his old Trom-bone. _____

C7 F

A7

D7

G7

slowly

I woke up this morn - ing with the blues all'round my bed,

p - mf

R.H.

C7

Eb7

C7

F

Think - ing a - bout what you, my ba - by, said,

A7

Dm

C7

F

Ab7

Do say the word and give my poor heart ease, The blues ain't

C

G7

C7

noth - ing but the fa - tal heart dis - ease. I'll

F A7 D7 G7

have to leave this town, just to wear you off my mind,

R.H.

C7 Eb7 C7 F

Can't sleep for dream-ing, can't laugh for cry - in',

Dm Gm

So in the moon - - - light Shoe-boot played

C7 F Bbm F

his lit-tle ser - e - nade.

dim. e rit.

THE GOUGE OF ARMOUR AVENUE

By W.C. HANDY

PIANO

D7 Gm

C7 G7 C7 F7 F dim Bbm F F Vamp C7

VOICE

F dim F F dim F C7

1. Down on Ar - mour Av - e - nue, - They call it Fed - e - ral Street to -
2. Mu - sic hath the charms, they say, - To soothe the sav - - age

F A D7 Gm

day, I heard a cou - ple rais - ing cain, - Just as I
breast, He start - ed the Vic - tro - la off, - And folks it

G7 C7 F dim F

chanced a - long that way, He must have been a
 sure was at its best, It did have charms for

F dim F C7 F A7 D7

hen-pecked man or some such kind of bird, For though she slipped him
 in his arms I seem to see her sway, When he taught her some

Gm G7 C7

in the doz - en on - ly this from him I heard:
 new dance steps 'twas then I heard her say:

CHORUS F G7 C7

Oh, Oh, Ba - by, "Hold" your tongue Give me that noise,
 Oh, Oh, Ba - by, that's so nice It's so nice,

Oh, Oh, — ba - by, Hold your tongue, — I've been with the boys, —
Do it a long time, or do it twice, — do it twice, —

Chords: Eb7 Gm C F

Ba - by why do you keep fret - ting when your dad - dy
Then a cop - per came by cop - ping, Picked me up 'twas

Chords: D7 Gm

feels for pet - ting, That's the way — to make your dad - dy
for eaves - drop - ping, While they danced the Gouge of Arm - our

Chords: C7 G7 C7

1. F love his — ba - by. —
Av - e - nue. —

2. F love his — ba - by. —
Av - e - nue. —

Chords: 1. F Gm C7 2. F F7 Fdim Bbm F

OLE MISS

W. C. HANDY

Not too fast

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked *ff* (fortissimo). The second system includes a dynamic change to *mf* (mezzo-forte). The third and fourth systems continue the piano accompaniment. The fifth system features a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2') for the piano part. The organ part is indicated by 'v' (voce) markings. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

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A la Blues

p *R. H.*

R. H.

R. H.

mf

The first system of musical notation is a piano part in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The second system continues the piano part. The right hand has a more active melody with some triplets and grace notes. The left hand continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

TRIO
2^d time 8va

The third system is the beginning of the Trio section, marked with a double bar line and the dynamic *p-ff*. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The fourth system continues the Trio section. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The fifth system is the final system on the page. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2' above the staff. The right hand has a melodic line, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

HARLEM BLUES

Moderato (Not fast)

W. C. HANDY

F

B \flat

C7

F

Dm

Gm

A+7

Vamp

VOICE

You

PIANO

Dm

Gm

A+7

Dm

nev - er can tell — what's in a wom - an's mind, And

Fm

B \flat m

C+7

Fm

if she's from Har - lem, there's no — use o' tryin'

D \flat

Fm7

G7

C E7

Just like the tide — her mind comes and goes, like March weath - er,

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A7 Dm G7 C7 Bb7 F C7 Bb7 F A7

when will she change, — No - bod - y knows — No - bod - y knows, The

Dm Gm A+7 Dm Bb7 A+7 Dm

wom-an I love, she just turned me down, She's a Har - lem Brown.

Fm Bbm7 C+7 Fm Db7 C+7 Fm

Of't-times I wish — that I were in the ground, six feet un - der ground,

Db Bbm Fm7 G7 C E7

She i - dol - ized — me as no — oth - er could, then sur - prised me,

A

Dm

Gm

A+7

Dm

Am6

leav-ing a note that she was gone for good

CHORUS

1. And since my sweet - ie left me Har - lem ain't the same old place,
 2. — you can have_ your Broad-way, give_ me Len-ox Av - en - ue,
 3. — are some spots_ in Har-lem where_ I'm told it's sud - den death, To

p-f

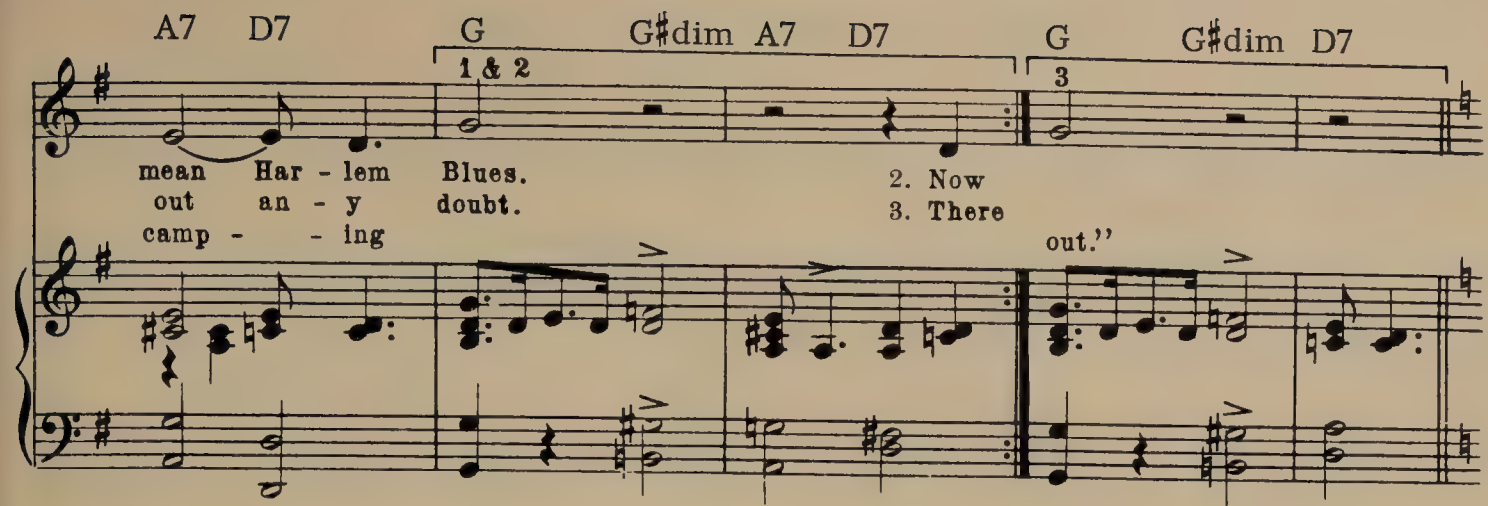
Though a thou - sand flap - - pers smile right in — my face, I
 An - gels from the skies stroll Seventh and for that thanks are due, To
 let a bod - y see you stop to catch — your breath, Yet

think I'll mooch some home-made hooch and go out for a lark, just to drive off these
 Mad-am Walk - er's Beau - ty shops and Po - ro sys - tem too, that made them An - gels with -
 if you've nev - er lived in Har - lem, so the old saw sa - ith "you have real - ly been

A7 D7 G G#dim A7 D7 G G#dim D7

1 & 2 3

mean Har - lem Blues. 2. Now
out an - y doubt. 3. There
camp - - ing out."

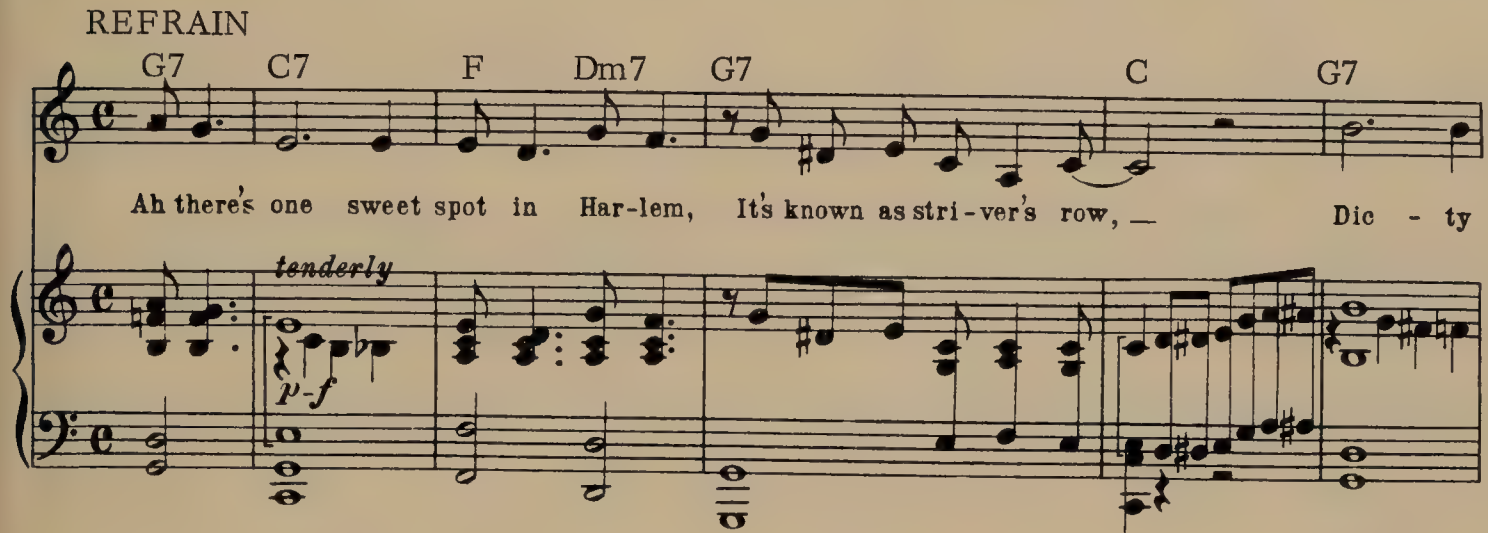


REFRAIN

G7 C7 F Dm7 G7 C G7

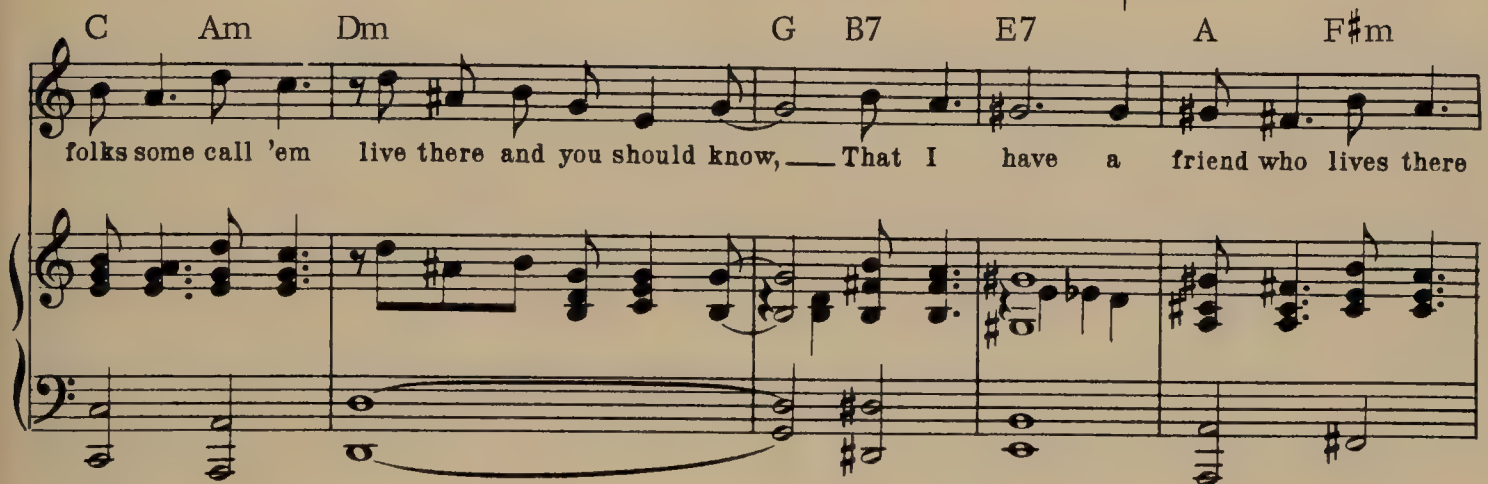
Ah there's one sweet spot in Har-lem, It's known as stri-ver's row, — Die - ty

tenderly
p-f



C Am Dm G B7 E7 A F#m

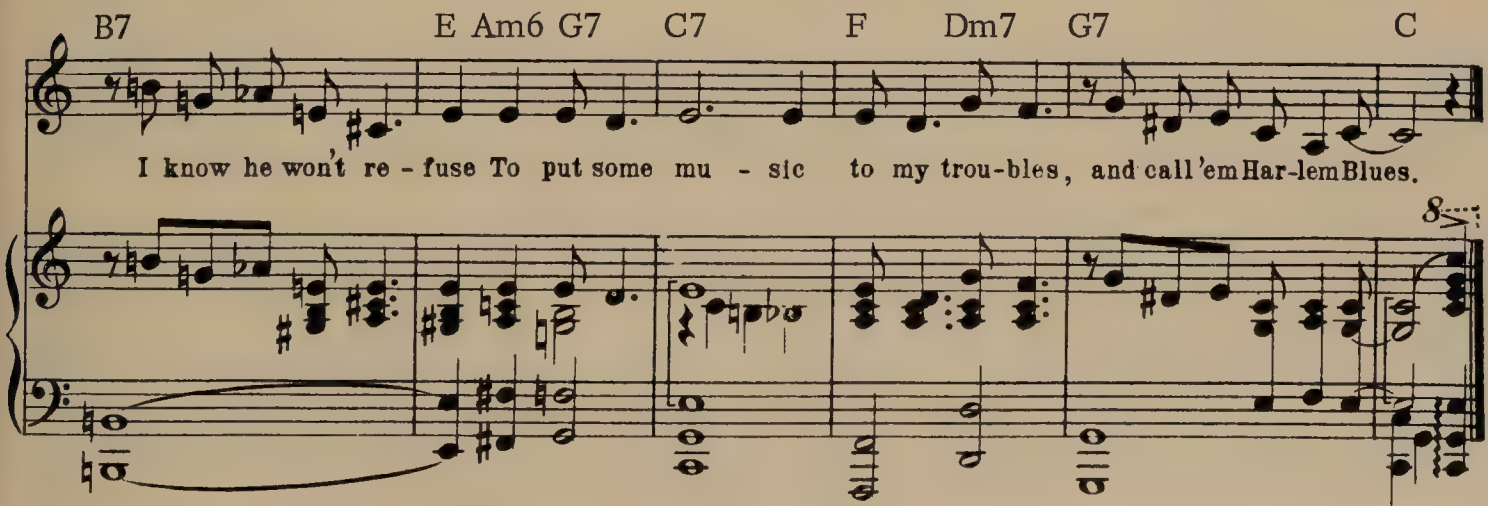
folks some call 'em live there and you should know, — That I have a friend who lives there



B7 E Am6 G7 C7 F Dm7 G7 C

I know he won't re - fuse To put some mu - sic to my trou-bles, and call 'em Har-lem Blues.

8



JOHN HENRY BLUES

W. C. HANDY

CAPO I

PIANO

C7 F (B7) (E)

C7 (B7)

F C7 (E) (B7)

F (E)

C7 F C7 F C7 (B7) (E) (B7) (E) (B7)

VOICE (B7) (E) (B7) (E)

In Al - a - bam' at

Mus - cles Shoals Dam, — I saw the great John Hen - ry, — A

C7 F C7 F C7 (B7) (E) (B7) (E) (B7)

F F7 Fdim Bbm6 F (E) (E7) (E dim) (Am6) (E)

dusk - y hu - man bat - ter - ing ram, — With mus - cles large and

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F (E) Fm (Em)

sin - ew - y, — He had a world's rec - ord just for riv - et - ing steel, of course this

C7 (B7) Fm (Em) Db (C)

rep - u - ta - tion thrilled him, — He bet he'd drive more riv - ets than a

C (B)

com - pressed air drill, — Al - though he won, the ef - fort killed him, — I've heard their

C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) Cdim (Bdim) C7 (B7)

ham - mers ring_ and col - ored work - man sing, From Tex - as to Vir - gin - ia. —

F
 ♯ (E)

F7
 (E7)

1. Dis ole ham - mer killed John Hen - ry, Made mu - sic
 2. Ford has mil - lions and tril - lions, Fo' Mus cles

Bb7
 (A7)

F
 (E)

C7
 (B7)

F
 (E)

sweet and it did a - muse, Dis lit - tle song made
 Shoals now ain't that good news, But Un - cle Sam wants

F7
 (E7)

Bb7
 (A7)

— light - er his la - bor, Dat's why we sing
 — oo - dles of bill - ions, Just fo' de ham -

F C7 F 2F
 (E) (B7) (E) (E) *Fine*

— dem John Hen - ry blues
 — mer John Hen - ry used

2. Mis - tah

MORAL

C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) Bb (A) F7 (E7)

Let's to - geth - er, (heh) all to - geth - er, Hit 'em hard,

Bb (A) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E)

(heh) hit 'em high, use yo' ham - mer,

C7 (B7) F (E) F7 (E7)

(heh) But not for knock - ing, Here is one

Bb (A)

good rea - son why.

D.S. al Fine *Pol - i
D.S. al Fine

* Politicians knocked our liquor,
So they took away our booze,
Now the spenders and bar tenders
Harmonize John Henry Blues.

MORAL

And when misfortune seems to trail us,
And the things we prize we lose,
Just keep hammering, this will never fail us,
Smile and sing John Henry Blues.

ATLANTA BLUES

(MAKE ME ONE PALLET ON YOUR FLOOR)

By W. C. HANDY
and DAVE ELMAN

CAPO I F A7 Dm Bb G7 Db7 F
(E) (G#7) (C#m) (A) (F#7)(C7) (E)

PIANO

G7 C7 F C7 F C7 F F
(F#7) (B7) (E) (B7) (E) (B7) (E) (E) *Vamp*

F C7
(E) (B7)

Up at Five Points talk-ing Dad - dy an - me, Just him an' me,
In At-lan - ta, six long months to do the grind, The Georgia grind,

F C7 F C7 F
(E) (B7) (E) (B7) (E)

Just one square a - way from old — Peach tree, — Peach tree. Pos - ses-sion's nine points
Won-der if he's miss-ing all he — left be-hind, — left be-hind. For when I left him

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C7
(B7)

F
(E)

of the law—it used to be, It used to be, Five and nine are
I said, Dad - dy I am through, I'm through with you, Now the name At -

C7 1. F 2. F F7
(B7) (E) (E) (E7)

Four-teen points, and yet they took — my man from me (Sing 2nd verse before singing
lan - ta makes me feel so blue, — I'm feel - ing the Chorus) blue.

CHORUS

Bb
(A)

F
(E)

F7
(E7)

Bb
(A)

1. I know that I'd be sat - is - fied, If I could
2. Give ev - 'ry - bod - y my re - gards Comin' if I

F
(E)

Db
(C)

F
(E)

grab a train and ride, If I make At -
have to ride the rods, I'll grab me an

A7 (G#7) Dm (C#m) Bb (A) G7 (F#7) Db7 (C7) F (E)

lan - ta — with no — place_ to go Just — make me one
 arm - ful of train be - fore — you know So — make me one

G7 (F#7) C7 (B7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) F7 (E7) F (E) C7 (B7) F (E)

pal - let on your floor.
 pal - let on your floor.

(After 2nd Chorus) then Patter

PATTER F (E) C7 (B7)

Au - burn av - e - nue is where I'll go to lose — — — — — Those

F (E) C7 (B7) F (E) F7 (E7) dim F (Am6) Bbm6 (E) C7 (B7) F (E)

A - T - at AT - L - A - N - T - A Blues. At - lan - ta Blues.

THE CHICAGO GOUGE

W. C. HANDY

C7 F D7 Gm
 F dim Dm G7 C A7 Dm Bb7 A
 VOICE Dm Bb7 Dm Gm7 F dim A7
 Chi - ca - go is the cit - y for Stomps and struggles, All 'round, — dark-town, — And
 Dm Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm
 ev-'ry-bod-ys giv-ing — Chit-tlin' jug - gles from the dea - con down. —
 Tromb.
 C+7 F C+7 F
 I've seen 'em rip an' — romp, To find somehouse rent _stomp,

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D7 Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm Bb7

I've seen so-ci-et-y of the South-side Va-ri-e - ty, Strut-ting to—some strut - in moon-shine

Gm7 A+7 Dm Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm

And for what— else but more moon-shine, Chit-tlins, bread an' gin. —

Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm

I saw a hun-gry man— eat all the gutstrings on a vi - o - lin. —

Chorus C+7 F C+7 F

1. Down at a — Chit-tiln rag, They played a fid-dlin'— drag,
 2. Down at a — Chit tlin rag, They played a fid-dlin'— drag,

Dm Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm Bb7

I took my pen - cil out — in all that scrouge and named that music "Gouge," Just for the land - lords,
 They did a wick - ed dance, all in a scrouge and I called that dance the Gouge till now they're dancing

Gm7 A+7 Dm Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm

Chi - ca - go's Gouge, And for the swell broads. — they real - ly Gouge. —
 the Chi - ca - go Gouge, It's so en-tranc-ing. — *omit first time*

2nd and last ending

Gm7 A+7 A7 D C7 F

The Chi - ca - go Gouge. I gouged the beau - ty from the Blues, Poured

D7 Bb F dim Dm

in some boil - ing Jazz, Stirred in a lit - tle spir - its, not the

G7 C A7 Dm Bb7 Dm Gm7

kind the spiritual has. I — gouged the lock on rag-time mel - o - dy, — With a —

F dim A+7 Dm Bb7 Gm7 A+7 Dm

min - or key Stole some pick-led beats from Charles-ton Pat — in one — flat.

Return to 2nd Chorus

CHANTEZ-LES BAS

(Sing 'em Low)

Words and Music

by

W. C. HANDY

Slowly and with tenderness

CAPO III Cm G7 Bbm6 Ab
(Am) (E7) (Gm6) (F)

E♭
(C)

languidly *tenderly*

B♭7 (G7) E♭ (C) B♭+7 (G+7) E♭ (C)

Cm (Am) Fm6 Ab7 G7 (Dm6)(F7)(E7) Cm (Am)

Till ready Down in Lou-si-an-a Lou-i - si-an-a

sfz *p* *sfz* *p* *sfz* *p*

Fm (Dm) Ab7 (F7) G7 (E7) Cm (Am) Ab (F)

Land of Cre-ole Sues, Pa - tois, Mar - di Gras

mp

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Cm (Am) G7 (E7) Cm (Am) C (A) *brillante*

and Ro - man-tic Blues, Once I heard a lov - er

ff brillante

F (D) F7 (D7) C (A) G7 (E7)

When work was o - ver Strum a Cre-ole croon to his

mf *mp* *pp* *r. h.* *l. h.*

Gdim (E dim) Dm Gdim (Bm) (E dim) D7 (B7) G (E) Fdim (D# dim) (E) G Bbm6 (Gm6)

lov - ey dov - ey un - der-neath a Dix-ie Moon I heard her say just so —

Slowly Ab (F) Eb (C)

"Chan tez les Bas", — That means in Cre-ole, — Sing 'em low, —

Shaun-ta lay Bah

pp tenderly

G7
(E7)

D+7
(B+7)

I like that pret-ty word, -Chan-tez-les Bas.
(Shaun-tay-lay Bah.)

She liked her blues played

G7
(E7)

Cm Eb7
(Am) (C7)

Ab
(F)

sweet-ly and slow

Oh, Chan-tez-les Bas, -

Eb
(C)

Ab
(F)

Eb
(C)

I can't for-get that - ser-e - nade, And if you'll list-en to me

Bb7
(G7)

Eb
(C)

just a - while, I'll try to sing for you just what he said. -

Gm B9 Fm7 Ab7 Eb
 (Em) (Ab9) (Dm7) (F7) (C)

Oh in de Morn-in' ba-by jes' fore day- in de morn-in'— jes' fore day, —

mf *f* *mp* *p*

Ebm (Cm) Bb7 (G7) Bb+7 (G+7) Fm7 Ebdim Eb (Dm7)(Cdim)(C)

Oh in de morn-in' jes' fore day, — New Or - leans, — Hey! Hey!

Gm B9 Fm7 Ab (Em) (Ab9) (Dm7) (F)

Oh in de morn-in' ba-by jes' fore day, — Oh in de morn-in'—

Ebdim (Cdim) Eb (C) Cm Bm Bbm6 Cm6 B7 Gm7 F7 (Am) (Abm) (Gm6) (Am6) (Ab7) (Em7) (D7)

jes' fore day, — Oh in de morn-in' ba-by jes' fore day, —

Bb7 (G7) Eb (C) Bb7 (G7) Eb (C)

rall.

I'll come to get you and take you a-way, — Far, far a-way Chan-téz - les Bas.

rall.

LONG GONE

Words by
CHRIS SMITH

Music by
W. C. HANDY

CAPOI (D) Eb Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) B7 (Bb7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)

PIANO *f*

1. Did you ev - er hear the sto - ry of
2. Long John stood on the

Till Ready

p *mf*

Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)

long John Dean? A bold bank rob - ber from Bowl - ing Green, Was
rail - road tie, — Wait - ing for a freight - train to come by;

F7 (E7) Bb (A)

Edim (D#dim) Bb (A) Gb7 (F7) C7 (B7)

sent to the jail - house yes - ter - day, Late last night he made his get - a - way. —
Freight train came just puff - in' and flyin', Ought - a seen Long John grabbin' that blind.

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$E\flat$
 (D)

$F7$ $B\flat7$
 $(E7)$ $(A7)$

He's Long Gone from Ken-tuck-y, Long Gone ain't he luck-y,

p-f

$E\flat$ $E\flat7$ $A\flat$ $B7$ $E\flat$ $B\flat7$ $E\flat$ $B\flat7$ $E\flat$
 (D) $(D7)$ (G) $(B\flat7)$ (D) $(A7)$ (D) $(A7)$ (D)

Long Gone, and what I mean, He's Long Gone from Bowl-ing Green. He's Bowl-ing Green.

$E\flat$ $E\dim$ $B\flat7$ $E\flat$ $E\dim$
 (D) $(D\sharp\dim)$ $(A7)$ (D) $(D\sharp\dim)$

3. They of-fered a re-ward to
 4. They caught him in Fris-co, and to
 5. A gang of men tried to

p *mf*

$B\flat7$ $E\flat$
 $(A7)$ (D)

bring him back — E - ven put blood-hounds on his track,
 seal his fate, San Quen-tin jailed one eve-ning late, But
 cap-ture Dean, So they chased him with a sub-ma rine

E dim (D# dim) Bb (A) Gb7 (F7) C7 (B7) F7 (E7) Bb7 (A7)

Dog - gone blood hounds lost his scent — Now no-body knows where Long John went
out — on the o- cean John es- caped The guard forgot to close the Gold- en gate
Dean jumped o-ver board, grabbed the sub-ma-rine, And made that gang catch a flying machine

CHORUS Eb (D)

He's Long Gone from Ken- tuck- y, Long Gone,
John's Long Gone from San Quen- tin, Long Gone and —
Now he's Long Gone and still a swim- ing, Long Gone with them

p-f

F7 (E7) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D) Eb7 (D7) Ab (G) B7 (Bb7) Eb (D) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)

Ain't he luck y, Long Gone, and what I mean, He's Long — Gone from Bowl- ing Green.
still a sprint- in; Long Gone, I'm tell- ing you, — Shut your mouth and shut mine too.
mer- maid wom- en, Long Gone, just like a fish, — My that boys got some am- bish.

6. A vamp thought she had Long John's goat,
She took his watch and money from his coat,
John stole all she had, now she thinks he's a riddle,
He didnt leave enough cloth to dust a fiddle.

Chorus: He's Long Gone from Kentucky,
Long Gone that guy is some lucky,
Long Gone from this queen,
Long Gone from Bowling Green.

7. When prohibition said I'll lick John Barleycorn,
I never thought she'd. do any harm,
But she's chased him strong, didn't stop to wait,
And blacked his eye in every state.

Chorus: Now John's Gone and he left me weeping,
Long Gone but only sleeping,
But from the drug we catch his breath,
Long Gone and scared to death.

NOTES

TO THE COLLECTION

by Abbe Niles

I. THE BACKGROUND

The inclusion of this variegated list of Afro-American folk-songs, all drawn from the memory of W. C. Handy, is intended to introduce the musical family whence sprang the blues; pointing out some, and leaving it to the reader to discover others, of the relationships of this and that type to the subject of this book. For books referred to herein, see Bibliography, p. 217.

Train's A-Comin' (p. 48)

One of the many Gospel-Train spirituals, such as were early adopted as minstrel songs. Similar words are found in Odum and Johnson, page 113 (without music), and (with a different air) in Scarborough, page 253. It is here given as it was sung in the '80s by the congregation of the colored Baptist church of Florence, Alabama, led by the Reverend Cordie White—one of the old ecstatic school who

Do believe without a doubt
Dat Christians got a right to shout.

The tempo should be rapid, the attack enthusiastic, and the relentless latent tom-tom pulse which brings it between these covers should not—if it can—be overlooked.

Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveller (p. 49)

A familiar version of this spiritual is to be found among the arrangements of H. T. Burleigh; in the *Book of American Negro Spirituals*; and in an adaptation in Coleridge-Taylor's *Twenty-Four Negro Melodies*; as given here it is believed to be new to print. W. C. Handy (who has published an arrangement as a church anthem) heard it thus in many parts of the South; in its most striking presentation,

by a chorus of two hundred voices at the A. and M. College (now Institute) in Huntsville, Alabama. The remarkable variation in this version lies first in the somber minors at the close of an otherwise innocent and conventional churchly introduction; second, in the weird and primitive effect, in the refrain, of the successive flat seventh and minor third, the latter of which would suggest (under the theory stated at p. 19) that it was felt not *as* the third, but as the seventh on the subdominant.

Somebody's Wrong About Dis Bible (p. 50)

To other airs and with more verses, this spiritual was known over a wide range. To this melody of only two notes it was sung daily, for years, by the blind beggar-woman on the corner of Beale and Third Streets, Memphis. Handy heard it thus sung by no one else, and it is doubtful if one in a thousand of those who passed realized that he heard something complete as to form, and very nearly unique in its tonal economy. The latter characteristic, along with the instinctive syncopation, accounts for the song's presence here. For the perfect example among the spirituals of graceful syncopation with deep feeling, see *Lonesome Valley*, the air of which appears in *Slave Songs of the United States* and, with fascinatingly different piano accompaniments, in Hugo Frey's and R. Emmett Kennedy's collections. Another extraordinary example, in march time, is *Shine Like a Morning Star*, which is to be found only in Handy's own published arrangement.

Joe Jacobs (p. 50) *Goin' to See My Sarah* (p. 51)

These are work songs. The grunts mark the bringing down of the rhythmical pick or sledge.

Catch the worrying of the tonic third (in short, the blue notes) in the one, the strange intermediate cries in the other. *Goin' to See My Sarah* was sung in Henderson, Kentucky, at least as early as 1898. *Joe Jacobs*—based on some Birmingham tragedy—Handy first heard in 1892 at the Harrison Howard Pipe Works in that city. Compare its verbal variations, the “I said” and “I mean,” with those in the *Dallas Blues* variant at page 18.

Sail Away, Ladies (p. 52)

Come On, Eph! (p. 52)

Juba (p. 53)

Three “pats,” which illustrate a few of the more complicated rhythms of Negro dance-music. The *Juba* is the oldest of the three; fifty years ago it was beginning to die out, though Handy’s uncles knew it. To each four-beat bar, there were four foot-pats or steps, and meanwhile, three pats with alternate hands on the sides of the legs, followed by a hand-clap on the fourth beat; there was thus no syncopation. Like other pats, it might be done in large companies, perhaps with one solo performer in the midst, to be replaced when exhausted. Thomas Talley (in *Negro Folk Rhymes, Wise and Otherwise*) gives additional verses and states that between them some special caper would be cut; it is easy to imagine the crowd egging on the soloist to the lines given:

Juba jump an’ Juba sing,
Juba cut dat pigeon’s wing!

Juba kick off Juba’s shoe,
Juba dance dat Jubal Jew!

Juba whirl dat foot about,
Juba blow dat candle out!

Juba circle, raise de latch,
Juba do dat Long Dog Scratch!

A variant of the air may be found on page 98 of Scarborough.

In striking contrast to this breathless staccato is the charming *Sail Away, Ladies*, to

which traditionally the foot is patted on each accented, the hands clapped on each unaccented, beat. “De sisters” would seem to denote the prudes —“de ole sisters.” Talley has it:

Never min’ what de white folks say,
May de Mighty bless you—sail away!

and adds a verse:

Never min’ what yo’ daddy say,
Shake yo’ little foot an’ fly away,
Never min’ if yo’ mammy say
“De devil’ll git you”—sail away!

The song was traditional in Florence, where there was yet another and quite unrelated verse:

Sally’s got a meat-skin laid away,
Sally’s got a meat-skin laid away,
Sally’s got a meat-skin laid away,
To grease her wooden leg every day.

Old fiddlers around Kentucky would sing it:

Can’t get a letter f’om down de road.

And in Henderson, for one place, it was “Di-de-o”; Mrs. Handy remembers it:

My coat collar, Di-de-o
Makes me holler, Di-de-o
My coat-tail, Di-de-o,
Makes me sail, Di-de-o.

(Refrain:)

O Di-di-de-o
O Di-di-de-o
O Di-di-de-o
O Di-di-de-o

Come On, Eph! was known all over the South, before it was taken up by the minstrel shows. Here alternate hands pat the thighs only, a shuffle takes the place of the foot-pat, and the Fs are highly explosive, with the voice and breath becoming rhythm instruments in themselves.

These are a few examples of a class of which the Charleston pat was the youngest representative. The example on the facing page, part of a 1926 Broadway song, shows the family resemblances:

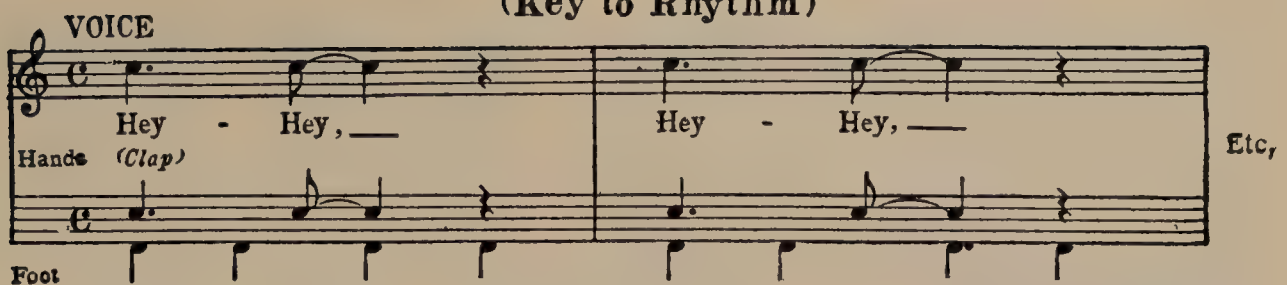
(Key to Rhythm)

VOICE

Hey - Hey, — Hey - Hey, — Etc,

Hands (Clap)

Foot



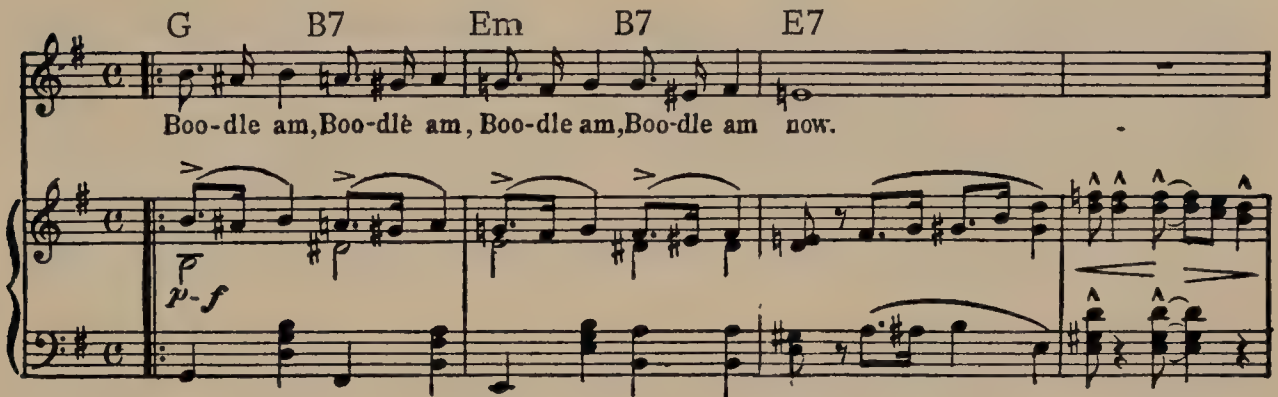
CHORUS *not too fast*

BOODLE-AM

By JACK PALMER and
SPENCER WILLIAMS

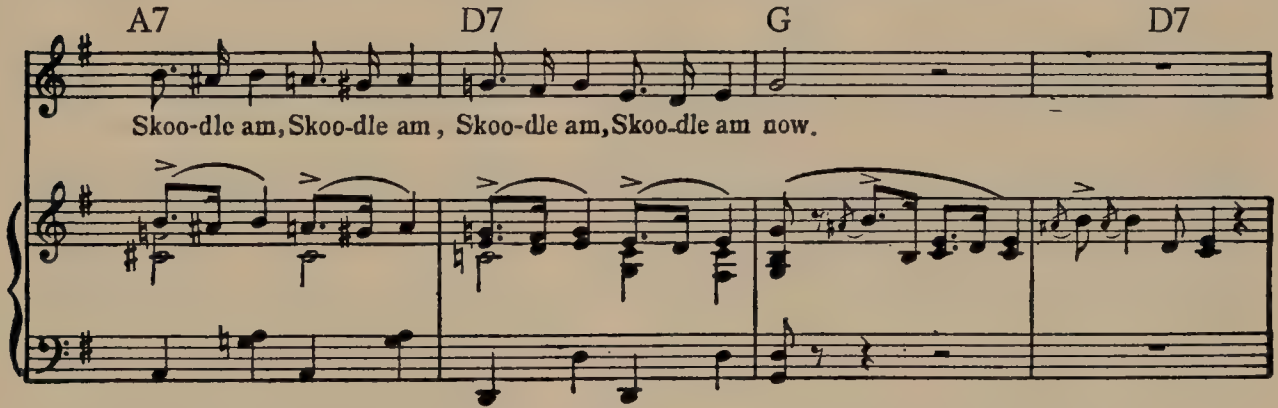
G B7 Em B7 E7

Boo-dle am, Boo-dle am, Boo-dle am, Boo-dle am now.



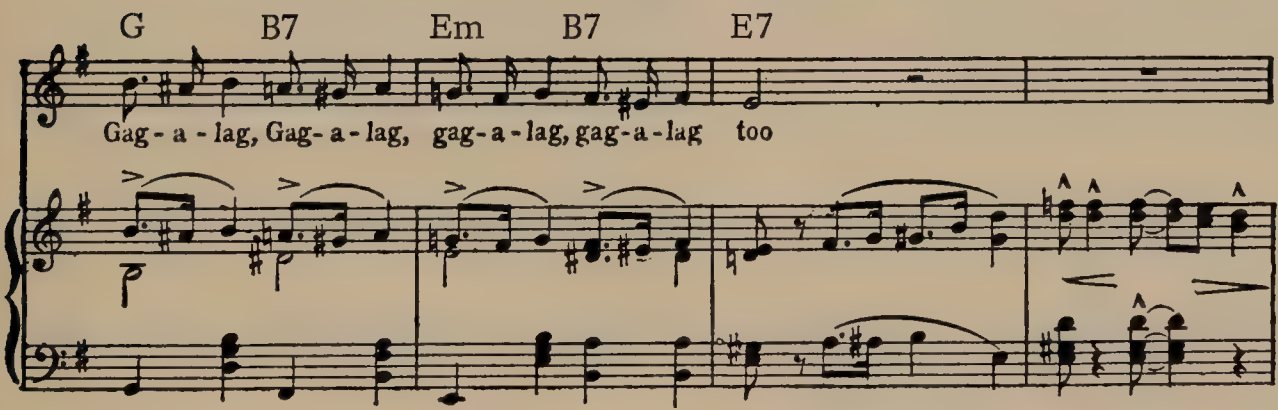
A7 D7 G D7

Skoo-dle am, Skoo-dle am, Skoo-dle am, Skoo-dle am now.



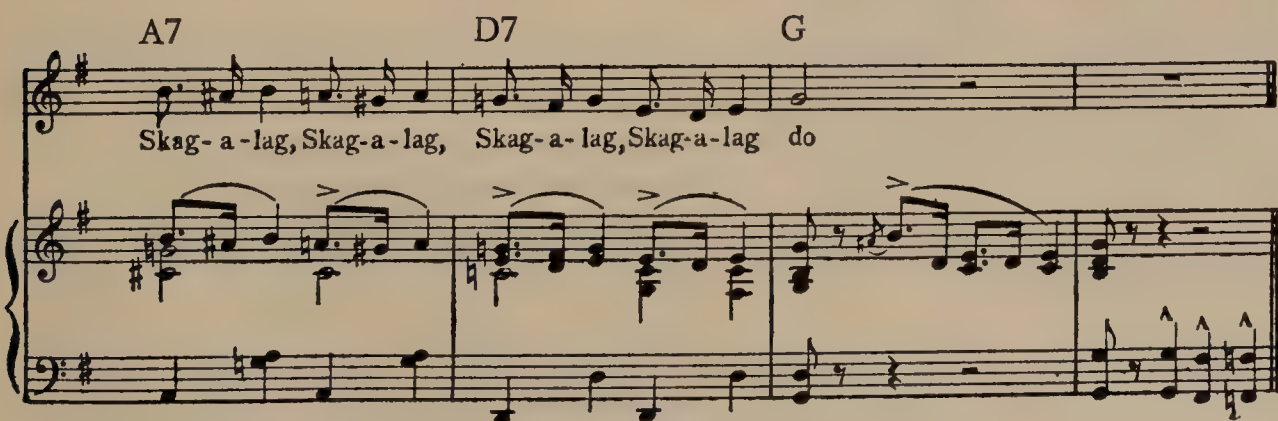
G B7 Em B7 E7

Gag-a-lag, Gag-a-lag, gag-a-lag, gag-a-lag too



A7 D7 G

Skag-a-lag, Skag-a-lag, Skag-a-lag, Skag-a-lag do



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While, as has been pointed out, the Charleston pat is merely a truncated *habañera* (*tangana*), this rhythm is not foreign to the religious side—see the Gullah songs *Same Train* and *Aye Lawd Don't Leabe Me* in the St. Helena Island collection, and J. Rosamund Johnson's arrangement of *All God's Chillun Got Wings*.

The pats have, perhaps, more to do with the eight- and sixteen-bar intermezzos in the blues songs than with the blues proper. Look, for example, at *Jogo* (page 78). For a remarkable discussion of the very complicated theory of African rhythms in general, see the Ballanta treatise.

East St. Louis

(p. 53)

An over-and-over with the blue spirit and the blue note—though of only eight bars. It was sung in Kentucky as early as, perhaps earlier than, the first decade of this century. Kentucky was probably its origin. Vagrants from those parts would make for St. Louis when the itch to travel set in; East St. Louis, Illinois, was the last stop to which it was safe to ride the rods.

Handy has published a "popular" version of this song in sheet music, and Duke Ellington has added to the town's fame, and his own, with a remarkable piece of jazz called *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*.

A Typical Stomp

(p. 54)

In other words, a typical modern Negro dance-tune. Some years ago it would have been called a "rag." The name is applied also to home dancing parties, and very likely was coined by a family downstairs. This specimen is perhaps not more than thirty-five years old; it sprang up from nowhere apparent and spread about Tennessee.

Careless Love

(p. 55)

An old and very widely known lament, called also *Kelly's Love*, under which title a version

(without music) appears in Odum and Johnson, page 194. So far as is known, first published with its music in the original edition of this book. *Careless Love*, despite loose references to it in some books, is obviously not a blues. It was, however, married to the blues in Handy's *Loveless Love* (page 146), whose introductory section is pure blues—and pure Handy. He himself had heard and played the original tune of *Careless Love* as early as 1892, in Bessemer, Alabama.

Ever After On

(p. 58)

Vesta and Mattie's Blues

(p. 60)

Casting (especially the *Vesta*) a red light on the blues. *Ever After* was known over a wide area, and variants of the words are found at pages 185 and 194 of Odum and Johnson. Especially after its sprightly beginning, its dismal laments are uncharacteristic, lacking the saving humor of the blues. *Vesta and Mattie*, a blues of the bridged-over type referred to on pp. 17-18, was current in Memphis, and its air is typical of the crudity of the primitive blues. "Long-line skinner" is somewhat obscure. It is said to have designated a driver of teams of four or more mules, and the term was thus used by circus people; there are intimations that it may also have something to do with the operators of skin-games—also not unknown to the circuses.

Got No Mo' Home Dan a Dog

(p. 61)

Friendless Blues

(p. 64)

These furnish in short compass the transition between the folk-blues and their direct modern descendant. The first strain with its words is at least fifty years old, and written as it was sung around 1890 by the Negro quartet in Florence—choral singing of the blues in later days was rare, but this was not only long before the name was coined, but be-

fore the type became common. In spirit it is a guitar song, but the quartet was often hard up for material. It was known less widely than the folk-song *Joe Turner*, but Handy played it with mandolin and guitar trios as far north as Evansville, Indiana.

The three succeeding versions represent the way such songs have been adapted, since they acquired the status of dance-music, to the prevailing fashions: Hearts and Flowers, the tango, the Charleston; winding up with an entirely new Handy blues chorus, and new words. And this brings us to the second subject: the modern development of the blues.

II. THE BLUES

A note on blues at the piano: (1) they should be played slowly; (2) but in meticulous time; (3) for a while at least, the white man should play them exactly as written—that his subsequent embellishments (if any) may be in character; (4) do not skip to the chorus, for what precedes it may be the best part.

As to the singing of the blues, it would seem necessary, first, to be a colored contralto—except for the fact that Marion Harris was white. The only practical advice is to listen to what used to be known as “race records” (by Bessie and Clara Smith, Ma Rainey, Lonnie Johnson, Victoria Spivey, Alberta Hunter, etc.), for this craft is *sui generis*, and incommunicable by written words. In discussion of the folk-blues as verse, it has been remarked, in substance, that their striking feature is their employment of humor for the expression of misery. Any impression from this statement, however, that these are brave efforts of optimism, will be corrected for such as may hear with what desolate sadness they are invested by their high priestesses, who do not sing, but “*suffer*” the blues.

In this section we pass from the archaic or folk-blues to those written for publication, but still in the classical form. In most cases, the writers, for the sake of variety and contrast, have added one or more strains in some other, related style; nevertheless, what we have here, in a musician’s stock phrase, is “really the

blues.” Some use a blues as introduction or “verse” but depart from type in the chorus; some reverse the process; some divide a blues introduction from a blues chorus by an eight- or sixteen-bar “pat” intermezzo. The earmarks of the genuine blues have already been discussed at length; they are numerous. For general purposes, however, it is sufficient to say that in the blues twelve (instead of the normal eight or sixteen) bars constitute a unit which could stand alone, so that a blues introduction or chorus will contain twelve, twenty-four, or rarely thirty-six bars instead of the eight, sixteen, or thirty-two which make up the typical popular tune.

Memphis (p. 70)

This is the first (1912) published version of this first written blues, interlined with some of the many frivolous or traditional verses that were sung to its tune in the 1909 campaign. The entire first strain of the music was omitted in Bennett’s vocal edition of 1913.

To Handy himself, *Memphis*—with its thrilling final section—is his favorite as well as his first blues.

Dallas (p. 74)

Although Handy’s *Memphis* was constantly played by the Handy band from the time of the 1909 election campaign, it was not published until September 28, 1912. Just two days before that, Hart A. Wand, white, of Oklahoma City, registered the *Dallas Blues* at the Copyright Office, depositing two copies of the third edition, with a statement that its first publication had been on September 6. The copy in my possession—marked “9th edition”—is arranged for piano without words. It has ten-bar strains instead of the classical twelve, the tune having been telescoped at the sacrifice of the usual breaks, or “jazz.” This primitive edition, which has no introductory passage, bears the imprint of “Wand Publishing Co.” of Oklahoma City and the credit line “arranged by M. Annabel

Robbins," but it does not name any composer. Wand himself, however, has received that credit in later editions.

Lomax's book, *Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Leadbelly*, gives a song commencing "Got de Fort Worth Blues and de Dallis heart disease," which Lomax says was sung by Leadbelly (Huddie Ledbetter) and Blind Lemon Jefferson while the former lived in the Dallas-Fort Worth region. His residence there, however, is given as from 1901 to 1918, which is too long a period to prove anything. Ledbetter's tune, which Lomax has transcribed in a thirteen-bar strain, has the *Dallas* rhythm structure, but diverges widely from the *Dallas* melody. *Dallas Blues* is presented here in its modern version. See also the variant at page 18.

Jogo
(p. 78)

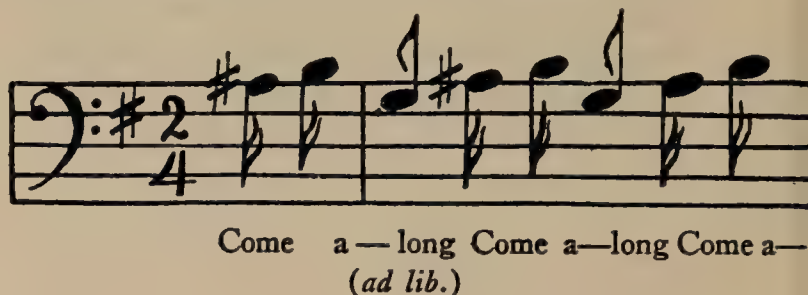
Originally known as *The Memphis Itch*, and Handy's first after *Memphis Blues*. There are certain Afro-American code words, and Negroes in theatrical and minstrel circles, having heard and liked *Mr. Crump* without knowing its composer, had been asking each other whether the latter was Jogo, i.e., Negro. His second title broadcast the reply. This instrumental piece later furnished the famous chorus of *St. Louis Blues*, but its fascinating pat intermezzo had no reincarnation. The last section of *Jogo* is from a folk-tune:

Lawdy, Lawdy
Lawdy, Lawdy
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd!
I'll see you when yo' troubles all 'll be like mine!

St. Louis
(p. 82)

The most widely known and imitated blues ever written. The chorus, in whatever hurly-burly of clashing sounds and rhythms it may be heard today or in the future, traces back to Brother Lazarus Gardner (Presiding Elder, Florence District, Northern Alabama Confer-

ence, African M.E. Church), taking up the collection on visitations as the Bishop's representative to the Florence church in the early '90s. The congregation came up to the plate, not it to them, and the Presiding Elder, a mighty exhorter, was rendered no less efficient by his substantial interest in the offering. He called them up in a singsong which Handy mentally translated into the following three-note theme:



The final strain of *St. Louis* is an ingenious ringing of the changes on this theme.

In the introductory section of *St. Louis* ("I hate to see . . ."), one of the devices of the old-style pianists may be imitated by striking in the second bar, *with* the B-flat as written, B-natural, but releasing the latter key before the former. This trick, while it was most characteristic of both the piano- and guitar-players and the counterpart of the vocal slur of the tonic third already discussed, has not been carried into the printed blues. Grace notes may be inserted almost anywhere, but this discord belongs with the descending sequence in which we find it here. The intermezzo in *tangana* rhythm departs from the twelve-bar structure, and so is not strictly blues—it deviates also in its prevailing minor—but what comes before and after is kept in mind throughout. Note, in particular, the descent of the left hand to the subdominant in its second bar; it was rejected, presumably as harsh, by Chiaffarelli on transcribing this melody into his "Jazz Symphony," but it was written in as typical. Typical also, and used as such, is the C-E-G-A sequence and chord, in bar 5 of the first blues.

The words of *St. Louis* are a sufficiently remarkable piece of work—a mosaic of characteristic Negro expressions from beginning to end. And the title is in memory of two weeks' starvation between the episode of Handy's quartet at the Columbian Exposition and his

finding something else to do.

Mosaic though it be, and mingling the trivial with the profound, in the *St. Louis* lyric it is a real woman who seems to speak, commencing with laments and recriminations, then passing from her loss into contemplation of what she has lost, losing herself in this contemplation, and closing her little Song of Solomon (I say "closing," because the last three choruses are no more than patter) on her deepest note, "I'll love ma baby till de day Ah die." It may be far-fetched to recall Horace, closing the lofty musings of *Integer Vitae* with his pledge of love to a laughing girl, and yet whenever I hear "I'll love ma baby" I think of "*Lalagen amabo*."

Yellow Dog
(p. 86)

For the history of *Yellow Dog*, see page 25. The first two of Handy's usual three strains are merged in this song (the second beginning with "All day the phone rings"), and all three are twelve-bar blues. As to the chorus—a long story on a postcard: "On the hog" means dead broke. "Vamp it" means to walk it, to make it on his vamps ("Clo's all wo', *feet on de groun'*"). The "Yellow Dog" is the Yazoo Delta Railroad.

Yellow Dog quickly sold over a million phonograph records, and is still recorded by jazz orchestras.

Golden Brown Blues
(p. 90)

An interesting and effective Handy melody with lyrics by young Langston Hughes. It features an interesting modulation to the relative minor in the first four bars of the blues chorus.

Stingaree Blues
(p. 93)

Probably written in memory of a movie-serial hero who was a favorite with the Negroes. They affectionately called him "Sweet Papa Stingaree." The writer was a young Negro from Galveston, Texas. He based the second chorus on a line which was popular at the time: "Got the world in a bottle, got the stopper in my hand."

Florida
(p. 96)

This piece contains two blues in a spirit widely different from the Handy airs; *Florida* is in the vein of the Joplin instrumental rags (see page 40). Its writer, now dead, came to Handy's band from Jacksonville after *Memphis Blues*, as saxophonist and clarinet-player, and he was among the first to shock musical hearers with *glissandi* on the saxophone.

Hesitating
(p. 100)

In many popular songs the chorus is the thing and the rest merely padding. But a modern blues is likely to be a composite of two or more blues, as a Strauss waltz is a composite of several waltzes (or the introduction, or the chorus, may be the genuine blues), and their relative position means nothing. The *first* blues in *Hesitating* is one of the most generally known of all modern examples, for it is to this tune that the unnumbered stanzas are sung to the refrain or catch-lines

My honey, *how* long, have I got to wait?
Oh, can I git you now, or must I hesitate?

At about the same time as this a *Hesitation Blues* or *Must I Hesitate?* was published by Smythe and Middleton of Louisville, which used this same melody in a slightly different

arrangement, the words of which may have started the ball rolling. Neither song was stolen from the other, but the basis of the version here given was played and sung to Handy by a wandering musician who said he had it from a hymn (yet unidentified), and suggested its use. No doubt he visited Louisville as well. As popularly sung, it is unusual as a blues with a refrain; any of the regular stanzas may be sung to it by eliminating the repetitious second line and crowding the first and third into four bars:

If de river was whiskey, an' I was a duck, I'd
dive to de bottom an' I'd never come up—

My honey

How long have I got to wait?

Oh, can I git you now, or must I hesitate?

But the following was probably made for this very tune:

Silk stockin's, an' ruffled drawers,

Got many a po' man wearin' overalls,—My
honey, etc.

And see page 13.

The *chorus of Hesitating*, with its pursuit of treble by bass, was not suggested to Handy by any tune, but imitates the *style* of Seymour Abernathy, a blind Negro pianist, in his improvisations in Mulcahy's saloon in Memphis.

Joe Turner Blues

(p. 104)

The original of the chorus is perhaps the prototype of all blues. The old tune (reproduced at page 17) was known all over the South; was so known before there was any widespread singing of the folk-blues; was sung, moreover, to a number of different sets of words in different localities, and, naturally, with some musical differences. It has already been suggested, therefore, that all the early blues may have been *Joe Turner*, sung to the best of the individual's memory (which might be bad) and to such words as came into his mind. In corroboration, it will be found on experimenting that the old *Joe Turner* and almost any other blues of an unsophisticated type may actually be

played or sung together without any serious difficulties being encountered.

Pete Turney was governor of Tennessee from 1892 to 1896, and his brother Joe would come to Memphis to lead the periodical batch of convicts to the Nashville penitentiary, of which he was the "long chain man." It is the terror of the latter's name (mispronounced) that is witnessed to by the best-known version of this song (see Odum and Johnson, page 206, where Joe is supposed to have been a convict himself):

Dey tell me Joe Turner's come an' gone—

O, Lawdy!

Tell me Joe Turner's come an' gone—O,

Lawdy!

Got my man—an'—gone.

Come wid his fo'ty links of chain—O, Lawdy!

Come wid his fo'ty links of chain—O, Lawdy!

Got my man, an' gone.

Come like he never come befo'—O, Lawdy!

Miss Scarborough has a four-line version (page 265, *op. cit.*). Since Joe Turney's jurisdiction extended no farther, it is natural that this should not have been the version sung across the Ohio in Henderson, Kentucky, and there this tune was "Gwine down de river 'fo' long." Down in Texas, strangely, it was "Michigan water tastes like sherry wine"; in the Sea Island cotton section of Georgia it was "Gwine down dat long, lonesome road." Some would-be Ph.D. should be set to the useful labor of running down all the versions, and required to produce at least one for every Southern state.

Snakey

(p. 108)

Two blues, characteristically varied by the insertion of contrasting passages; the last apparently a folk-tune, but the original is not available. *Snakey* is the work of a Hot Springs, Arkansas, Negro, an old-time blues pianist of parts; his manuscript, which is without an accented blue note (Handy's device, it should be remembered), is particularly valuable in throw-

ing light by characteristic chords, intervals, and grace notes on how the blues were played. And in the *Blues in Thirds*, note the flattening of the seventh and, when the bass drops to the subdominant B-flat, the similar treatment of *its* seventh above, now felt as such and not as the tonic third.

Wall Street Blues
(p. 111)

We find the following on the sheet music of "Wall Street Blues":

"... 'Wall Street Blues' is historical. We held up its exploitation because of unpleasant reminders while the nation was depressed. It is human to laugh at last year's catastrophes when we have overcome them and triumphed. Wall Street to-day is not the Wall Street of yesteryear, and it is our hope that this treatment will enable us to laugh over spilt milk since the mill can never grind with the water that has passed."

Beale Street
(p. 116)

Beale "Street" is officially Beale Avenue, Memphis, although there is a perennial movement to make the name conform to song and story. There are at least two full books about Beale Street (listed at page 218), but the essence of the street is concentrated in the golden capsule of Handy's lyric, which, in turn, is set to a tune that runs the street's own gamut from joy to misery. On or near Beale Street today are Handy Park and the W. C. Handy Theater, but even now in Memphis a Negro may only be seen with whites, on stage or screen, in some menial character and a respectful attitude.

Tishomingo
(p. 120)

The title is the name of a Mississippi Gulf Coast town and the song was among the national hits of 1917. The writer, Spencer Williams, is a mine of blues music, and is now back in New York after years in Paris, where as

writer and accompanist he helped to launch Josephine Baker on her fabulous career.

Hookin' Cow
(p. 123)

By a Negro from Greenville, Mississippi, with "jazz" (including the bellows of a cow) and other embellishments by Handy, in the "Dixieland" tradition of *Livery Stable*, which was epidemic in 1917.

Blue Gummed Blues
(p. 126)

This song was probably inspired by a little couplet that was making its rounds:

Blue gums and black eyes
Run 'round and tell lies.

This is in the realm of superstition, of voodoo, of the poisonous bite. The "eight-rock" is, of course, the blackest pool-ball on the table. There having been no Blue Gum Blues, it was necessary to invent one.

Blind Man Blues
(p. 130)

This song was introduced at the old Monogram Theater (a standby of Chicago Negroes) by an inimitable singer known as "String Beans" who used to improvise verses to his own blues tunes. As remembered by a Negro vaudeville player, "String Beans" used to bring down the house with tear-jerkers like:

"Blin' man on de corner, singin' de mournful blues"

Deep River
(p. 133)

This excellent blues is the work of one of Handy's talented children, to words by the lyricist of *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*. It has

a thought, about the Mississippi, in common with the *Dallas Blues* variant at page 18, and a particularly nice connecting passage ("If I had the means . . ."). It was a favorite of Willard Robison's Deep River Orchestra.

Lonesome Road
(p. 136)

Two blues with an intermezzo by the writer of *Snakey*, and equally illuminating for the pianist, for whom Nash wrote (note his pedaling in *Snakey Blues*), while Handy thought primarily of the singer or the orchestra.

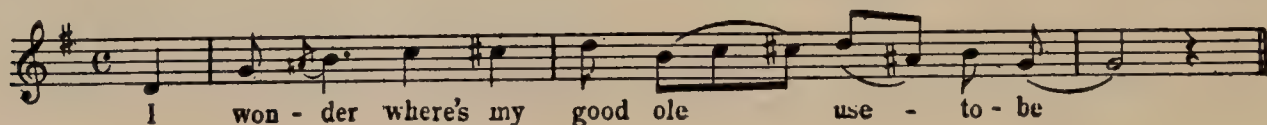


Aunt Hagar's Children
(p. 142)

In the Biblical title of these blues Handy is again announcing his race, to his race. The opening strain is his translation into notes and bars of the half-sung, half-spoken ejaculation of a woman whom he passed, years ago, as the wind whistled through the newly washed britches she was hanging up:

"Your clo'es look lonesome, hangin' on th' line—"

and then:



The whole was conceived and written by Handy on his knee, in exactly its present arrangement, in Brownlee's Barber Shop, Chicago, and tried out successfully that same night by Tate's Orchestra in the Vendome Theater. There is no purer melody among the blues than that of the final strain, and it should not be mistreated.

Loveless Love
(p. 146)

This is the ancient *Careless Love* in a series of arrangements prefaced by an original Handy blues (not only one of his best, but unusual in the total absence of the "blue note"); the words are on a theme suggested to Handy by the discourse of a street-corner Jeremiah on 44th Street, New York; the concluding blues lines, however, may be compared with the folk-verse *Nora's Faithful Dove*, at page 13.

Sundown
(p. 150)

Here Handy dips into superstitions (for a thorough catalogue, see the Puckett book, listed at page 217). *Sundown* hardly needs a glossary, but as to the middle section: the wife of one of Handy's bandmen at Clarksdale, Mississippi, lost a ring. She suspected someone, had him watched, but learned nothing. So she told Handy she was "goin' to Newport to see Aunt Car'line Dye." Handy was confused and asked: "Do you think you can make it in time?" The point, however, was that Aunt Car'line had *second sight*. Her solution to the ring problem was: "The man you think, didn't do it, but don't worry. You'll find it soon, where you least expect."

Two weeks later, the musician's wife noticed a neighbor picking up a croquet ball in the yard and toying with it. On a hunch she took the first opportunity to capture the ball and break it open. Out fell the ring, and "Goin' to Newport (Arkansas), to see Aunt Car'line Dye" became a Clarksdale by-word. Songs can start out on less than that.

Basement
(p. 154)

Here at last is a blues on the note of "solid satisfaction" that I mentioned in the introductory text. Yet there is something underneath, such that its effect—as sung by Clara Smith on

the ancient Columbia recording (14039 D)—was of utter desolation. Handy had written a song on order for Columbia, which wanted “something low-down.” When a company executive complained that the piece wasn’t low-down enough, Handy protested: “I don’t know how I could get it low-downer, unless I wrote it in the basement.” “That’s it!” was the reply—and here it is.

Basin Street
(p. 162)

Basin is as famous in New Orleans as Beale in Memphis; it was part of the segregated Storeyville district, whose closing in 1917 drove New Orleans jazz out into the open. Spencer Williams’ song is the street’s most famous musical memorial.

Way Down South Where the Blues Began
(p. 158)

Written in 1932, this song was included in the 1958 Paramount movie “St. Louis Blues,” starring Nat “King” Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, Cab Calloway, Ella Fitzgerald and Mahalia Jackson.



The Blues I’ve Got
(p. 164)

Here also we have a mid-section specifically labeled “blues,” and the last strain, although called “chant,” is another one.

Handy is reminded, by one phrase of this song, of hearing a drunken woman, many years ago, sing out the one line:

“My man’s got a heart like a rock cast in de sea!”

Asking the nearest colored onlooker what this might mean, he was promptly told: “Lord, it’s *hard*—and gone so far she can’t reach it.”

Boogie-Woogie on St. Louis Blues
(p. 167)

One delightful feature of a good popular composer’s existence is that at any moment some orchestra with talent at its command may produce some new conception of his past work that will enchant the public all over again. Hardly a jazz orchestra in the last thirty-five years has failed to try out its own twist on *St. Louis Blues*. The latest really radical treatment was in Tex Beneke’s record, *St. Louis Blues March* (1948), the popularity of which, in turn, necessitated a sheet-music edition as well. No arrangement of *St. Louis*, however, has shown more creative imagination than the *Boogie* launched by Earl Hines’ 1945 Bluebird record 10674-A and promptly republished by Handy in the transcription given here. Because of the importance of the *piano* in boogie, this piece could be more satisfyingly adapted to that instrument than *Weeping Willow Blues*,

and it affords another and especially fine example of the jazz treatment.

Earl Hines himself is one of the best Negro pianists and orchestra leaders. The opening atmosphere of the *Boogie* (leading into the tango strain of the original) is ominous and sinister, and one's anxiety is not lessened by the first of the spoken interjections that replace the lyric—"Put out all the lights—call the law, right now!" Thereupon, however, the "I hate to see" strain comes in to lighten things up a bit, and from there the players go into so free a fantasia on the final *St. Louis* strain that the preacher's "Come a-long" (page 208), and even the boogie bass, are entirely forgotten. The excitement mounts, through "Play it till 1970" (*St. Louis's* final copyright expiration year), through the "holler" that releases the terrific pressure at the last page, down to the reluctant closing after "Don't quit now!"—they had to quit because there wasn't any more record.

Shoeboot's Serenade

(p. 172)

This tune is a re-working of the famous "Schubert's Serenade." It was first published by Pace and Handy in Memphis, Tennessee, as a "Rag Song with Trombone Obligato."



The Gouge of Armour Avenue

(p. 176)

The old "Armour Avenue" of Chicago is now "Federal Street." The phrase "slipped him in the dozen" meant that she spoke slightly of his folks. The word "gouge" refers to a man's appetite, and is explained in more detail in the note headed "Chicago Gouge."

Ole Miss

(p. 179)

"Ole Miss" was the fastest train out of Memphis, which accounts for Handy's selecting that title. Some people, misunderstanding Handy's title, have supposed that this piece was written, in a spirit of servile "Uncle Tom-ism," in honor of some white *grande dame*, so he would like it understood that this is not the case.

The final strain of *Ole Miss* was so commonly used by jazz musicians as a melody relief to Handy's *Bugle Rag* (also called "blues" and made up principally of bugle calls) that when any group of veteran players records *Bugle* from memory, *Ole Miss* invariably creeps in somewhere.

Harlem

(p. 182)

Here the Father of the Blues celebrates New York's Negro city-within-a-city. An introductory strain of savage vigor is followed by a demure little exercise in modulations, passing finally into the charming old folk-tune, *I've Laid Aroun' This Town Too Long*, which is quoted on page 23 (Handy followed up this thought, in the early '40s, by moving his home from Harlem to a New York suburb.)

This is one of Handy's most painstakingly worked-out popular songs, a piece of real melody and sound craftsmanship throughout.

John Henry

(p. 186)

Midway between the work songs and the

blues, and founded on a very famous ballad work song. Guy B. Johnson's book, *John Henry* (University of North Carolina, 1929), cites many versions of the songs about this folk-hero, including this one.

John Henry was the Paul Bunyan of the riveters of the Southeast, of superhuman power, skill, and speed. But when the steam riveter came in, according to different legends it crushed him, or he busted himself trying to outdo it, or, having failed, he silently faded away into history. Handy first heard the work song at Muscle Shoals, but believes that John Henry himself labored in West Virginia. Play the chorus and "Moral" with *Joe Jacobs* (page 50) in mind.

Atlanta
(p. 190)

Handy didn't look around for places to name songs after—he had a special reason for dedicating this effort to Atlanta. In 1916 the Handy Band ventured a concert there, in the great auditorium where the Metropolitan Opera Company plays its spring engagements, bringing Armand J. Piron and Clarence Williams from New Orleans as assisting artists and giving Handy's daughter Katharine, then twelve, her debut as a singer. They drew crowds totaling seven thousand, made the front pages, and stayed a week.

The *Atlanta Blues* music is based on two folk-tunes. The first strain went with:

Me 'n' my baby got six long months to do de grind.

The second was widely known and has been wrongly called a "blues":

Make me a pallet on de flo',
Make it where yo' man won't never know.

Chicago Gouge
(p. 193)

Handy's experiment in a slowed-up Charleston rhythm, in memory of a trip to Chicago in

1924. A few terms used need explanation: stomps and struggles are home dancing parties; chittlin's are, shall we say, pigs' giblets, and are passed around at chittlin' juggles. A house-rent stomp is one given for an entrance-fee, used for the purpose indicated. The chittlin's explain the conduct of the hungry man in *Chicago Gouge*, while the chorus explains the word "Gouge" itself.

Chantez-les Bas
(p. 196)

This title is in the Arcadian French *patois* with which a soft-voiced neighbor asked some of Handy's men to please pipe down while they were serenading a gal in a Louisiana town. Handy liked the *patois*, and here, long after (as is the way with what Handy likes), it came out in song.

Long Gone
(p. 200)

Based on a folk-song more allied to the tragic ballads such as *Frankie and Johnny* than to the blues, and based on an actual event: a Negro trusty, Long John or Lost John, in the jail at Bowling Green, Kentucky, got wind of a project to try out the new bloodhounds on himself, giving him a start around the courthouse. He prepared himself accordingly by fixing a steel trap in a barrel laid on its side, over which he jumped as he started; the leadhound followed the scent into the barrel and the trap; the rest stopped to investigate; by the time the commotion subsided Long John was in the woods, and he never came back. This charming piece in the best, lazy, careless, soft-shoe tradition is the joint work of Handy and another of the real old-timers, Chris Smith, Negro, the writer of the words and music of *Ballin' the Jack*. That tune was neither a blues nor a "blues-song," but it stood out from the 1913 run of the mill as strangely and excitingly as Handy's own early tunes. Smith, too, now lives in New York.

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A. N.

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CHORDS FOUND IN THIS BOOK

C 	C7 	Cm 	C dim 	Cm6 	C+ 	C+7
C7-5 xx 	C9 	C9/6 	C#-Db Fr 	C#7-Db7 x Fr 	C#m-Dbm 	C# dim Db dim
C#m6-Dbm6 	D 	D7 	Dm 	Ddim 	Dm7 	Dm6
D+ 	D+7 	Eb Fr 	Eb7 Fr 	Ebm Fr 	D# dim Eb dim 	Ebm6
E 	E7 	Em 	E dim 	Em7 	Em6 	E+
E+7 x 	E7-5 	F 	F7 	Fm 	F dim 	Fm7
Fm6 	F+ 	F+7 	F#-Gb 	F#7-Gb7 	F#m-Gbm 	F# dim Gb dim

F#m7-Gbm7 F#7-5 Gbm7-5 G G7 Gm Gdim Gm7
 x x

Gm6 G+7 G7-5 Fr G#-Ab G#7-Ab7 Fr G#m-Abm G#dim Abdim
 x x 4

Fr G#m7-Abm7 G#m6-Abm6 Fr Gb9-Ab9 A A7 Am Adim
 4

Am7 Am6 A+ A+7 Am sus 4 A7-5 Bb
 4

Bb7 Bbm A#dim Bbdim Bbm6 Bb+ Bb+7 B
 4

B7 Bm Bdim B+ B+7 B9 C sus 4

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